This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

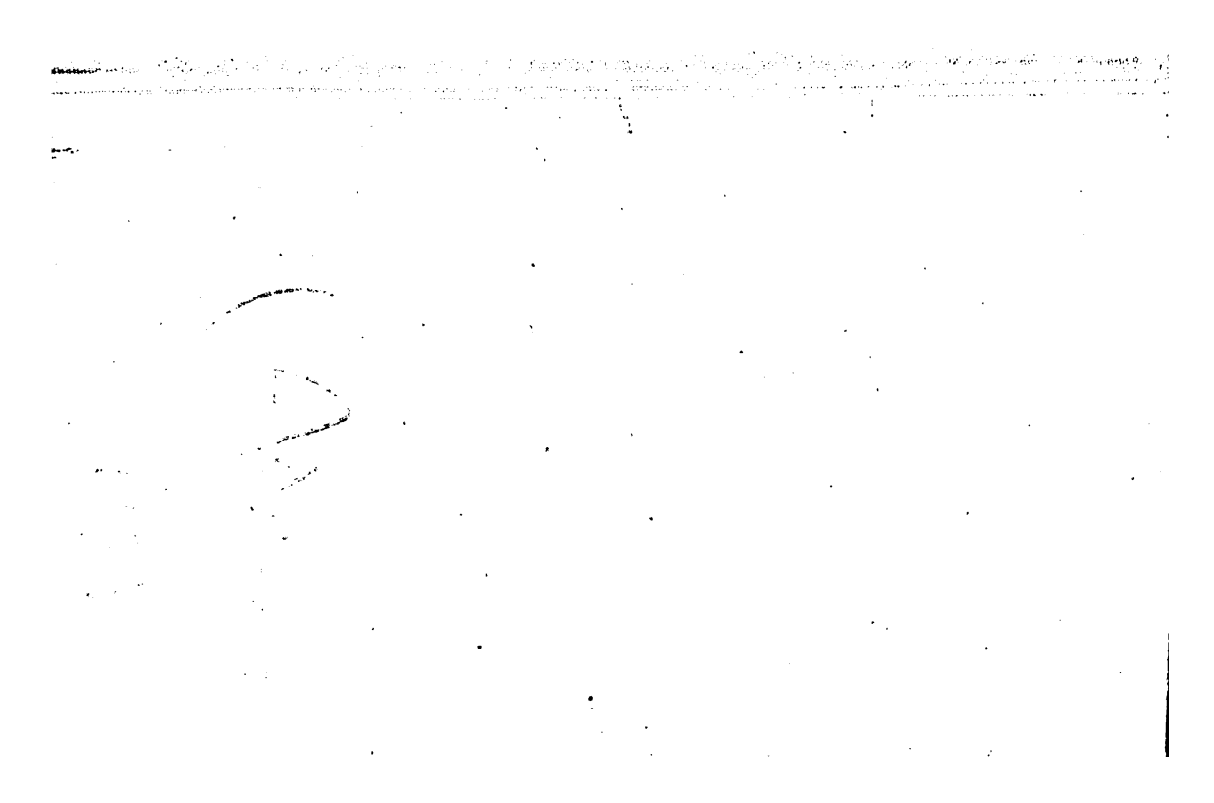
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

30907 5

The
Gordon Lester Ford
Collection
Presented by his Sons
Worthington Chauncey Ford
and
Paul Leicester Ford
to the
New York Public Library



MEMOIR

OF

MRS. MARY H. ADAMS.

BY HER HUSBAND.

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—PROVERBS.

She hath done what she could.—JESUS.

M. H. Adams.

BOSTON:
NEW ENGLAND UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,
No. 37 CORNHILL.
1865.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
163941
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1899.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

Press of Dakin and Metcalf.
No. 37 Cornhill.

TO MY CHILDREN

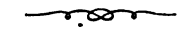
WOULD I AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicate this Humble Tribute

TO THE MEMORY OF

THEIR SAINTED MOTHER.

PREFACE.



STRIKING and extraordinary incidents, much as they may give interest to a memoir, are not the surest evidences of its usefulness. The histories of travellers, adventurers, discoverers, warriors, popular scholars, artists, or statesmen—of those whose lives have been most constantly in the public eye—are usually welcome to all. But there are other histories, equally useful in their places, and which may minister good to the attentive readers of them; we mean those of the unobtrusive and faithful, who, away from the glare of the world, have been leading "quiet and peaceable lives," working in humblest ways for human good, strengthened in heart and soul by living faith in Him "who seeth in secret," and giving themselves, in word and action and example, as contributions to that power which shall yet effect the world's spiritual regeneration.

Such a history is the brief memoir before us. It is a book, not for the reader seeking novelty or excitement, but for the one who would take a calm view of that interior life among mortals, which manifests itself amid rounds of duties in the family and home, in ministries of kindness wherever Christian duty calls beyond this sphere, and who would also enjoy the blessing of a "still hour's" communion with a spirit who, while it dwelt on earth, could have its conversation in heaven.

J. G. A.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 1865.

MEMOIR.

INTRODUCTORY.

"God gives us ministers of love
We know not fully, being near;
Death takes them from us,—then we feel
That angels have been with us here."

THE worthy subject of this memoir never sought public notoriety, such even as a simple work like this might elicit. She lived for others always more than for herself, and was most happy when doing good in ways that might be least known to the world. But it is this very virtue which deserves, at times, our special attention, and which, if rightly apprehended, may awaken and strengthen in us truest and noblest resolves to work the work of Him who sent us here, while life's day is ours. It is in obscurest works of goodness and of duty that our world is most

widely benefited and blest; and any new presentation of a life that shall tend to make these works more abundant is to be regarded as a new blessing from the hand of the Giver of all good. Such a presentation have we here.

We commend this memoir to the Christian of whatsoever sect, as that of one with whom he may claim spiritual relationship; to the believer in the reconciliation of the world to God through Christ, as the record of one who loved and lived this heavenly faith; to all who would aid and strengthen the Christian ministry, as the story of one who shared most faithfully its trials and joys; to the family and home as the pleasant narrative of one who made her own home bright with Christian fidelity and love.

We commend it to teachers and pupils of the Sabbath-school. If ever there was a friend to the little ones of whom the Master of Christians said, "Of such is my kingdom," she whose life-story is here told may be numbered among the most devoted of them all.

We commend it to the young women of our

land. Here is an example for them of life early consecrated to duty, — of one who sought to be useful in every situation she was called to occupy. The dutiful daughter, the faithful wife and mother, the sincere and sympathizing friend, the active and exemplary Christian, will come up in this brief record before them.

PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE.

"Around her infant home
Life hung its summer hues, and very fair
Was this wild earth to her; the fairer
For her knowledge of its Author."

MARY HALL BARRETT was blest with worthy and faithful parents. Her father, William Barrett, was for many years a well-known and highly respected citizen of Malden, Mass., and probably did more, while he lived, to advance the business interests of that town than any other individual who had ever been a resident there. He was born in Concord, Mass., and in early life was apprenticed to a clothier in Billerica. Before he became of age, he purchased his time of his master, and also the business stand. He subsequently learned the art of dyeing silks, and entered upon that business in Charlestown, from which place he moved to Malden in 1804, the year of his marriage. Here he set up what was afterward so extensively known as the "Malden Dye-House." He was prosper-

ous, as he had little or no competition, and secured many business friends. In the winter of 1816, his first dye-house, including his dwelling-house, a wooden building, was burned to the ground. In no wise disheartened, by noon the next day after this disaster, Mr. Barrett had a temporary building erected for his workmen, and his work going on; and soon after, by the assistance of friends, erected the large and substantial brick building now occupied by his sons. Mr. Barrett was one of Nature's noblemen. Obstacles formidable to others did not usually daunt him. He had come up from boyhood by his own efforts, having lost his father in early life. He was accustomed to toil, and to looking diligently after his business, — just such a one as Solomon long ago said could stand before princes, and had no part with mean men. He had a clear, active mind, and a great, warm, and manly heart. He loved his family and home intensely, and was one of the most unselfish of men. He was always in readiness to engage in any movement of public utility in the town where he dwelt, and has earned

a name upon its records among the most honored of its citizens. He died November 15, 1834, aged fifty-nine years.

Mr. Barrett was married to Miss Mary Hall, of Charlestown, in 1804. A worthier and more efficient helper and companion he could not have found. She was one of the most remarkable of women. Small in stature, and of a somewhat delicate physical organization, she had great force of character, and by excellent household management, reared a large family of children, beside superintending the domestic arrangements required in the accommodation of many of the employees at the dye-house. And in all she proved herself a most economical assistant of her companion. She had great control of her children, and enstamped some of her own best virtues upon them. Her family revered and loved her. She was a dispenser of good, too, beyond her family circle. Wherever the sick or the needy could be reached by her ministries, she was in readiness to bestow them. Certain traits of her own character she transmitted to the daughter of whom we

are to write in the succeeding pages, among which were her firmness, industry, thoroughness in what she did, and benevolence, or love of doing for others. She died of consumption, May 14, 1839, aged fifty-five.*

Mary's name was that of her mother and grandmother. She was born on the 16th of September, 1816. From her girlhood she proved herself a good scholar under the competent home-instructor with which she was blest. Her advantages for education were favorable to the healthy development of her intellectual powers. In addition to the instruction obtained in her native village, she had the privilege of attendance at excellent select schools in Medford and Charlestown. She used her pen at composition early.

* She left a good record in her useful life. Twenty-five years after her death, — as her daughter informed me, — a seaman-stranger, on calling at a house in Malden, being informed that the person with whom he was conversing was a daughter of Mrs. Barrett, said, very earnestly, "Then you must be a good woman, I know; for I have many a time heard my wife, who lived, in her youth, with *your mother*, say that *she* seemed to her to be one of the best women in all the world."

She was religious, peculiarly so, by nature. One of the first youthful essays written by her, which we have before us, was on the subject afterward selected by the preacher for her own funeral sermon, — "the good part" chosen by the Mary of Bethany, that should not be taken away from her. Religious instruction imparted to her was seldom lost. She was reared in the Christian faith. Her father was a believer in the principles of Christian Universalism, as he received them from the instructions of the Scriptures. Her mother had been faithfully educated in the same faith. She was the daughter of Deacon Moses Hall, of Charlestown, himself a friend of Rev. John Murray, and whose funeral sermon appears in one of the published volumes of discourses, by Rev. Hosea Ballou.* Mary had pleasant remembrances, always in after-life, of the many times she had walked to church on the Sabbath, led by her honored father. Her love for the Christian sanctuary and for the Sabbath-school increased with her years.

* The eighteenth of "Select Sermons."

She was fond of indulging her reflective powers, and of exercising them through the pen; so that she became readier in communication by writing than in conversation. Epistolary addresses written in her early life are kept among the cherished memorials of her by surviving friends. In most of these writings there is an infusion of the religious, which was so strong a peculiarity in her character. She loved nature. Its beauties awakened her admiration, and often called forth expressions of her feelings as she read the new lessons constantly coming up before her in this great scene-room, where we are permitted to view the works of the infinite Father everywhere around us. Flowers were among her choicest favorites. There seemed to her a sweet sacredness in them, and they were full of instruction to her in all her subsequent life. Her love of nature served to deepen her religious impressions. She saw the harmony of this "elder scripture" written by the eternal Hand, and that grand revelation in which she had been taught in the church and in her home. She had strong conscientiousness. From

her early days it was thus with her. She seemed inclined to act from principle in reference to any duty that lay before her; and as she judged others generously, it was an affliction to her to be judged harshly or carelessly of them. With large charity for the infirmities of our common nature, she was not a little sensitive as to what she deemed her own. She never could have made a mere nominal or formal religionist. The religion which she professed before the world was in her heart. She could not have espoused a creed or service that was not lovable. She was drawn to Christianity by its intrinsic excellency. She saw in it an unspeakable blessedness, and for this reason she embraced and avowed it. "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts," was an utterance of the Psalmist which to her had a deep and most significant meaning.

"How complete the name is!" said Elizabeth Barrett Browning to an American clergyman, at her home, as they were conversing upon Christian faith and experience; and her visitor in answer to her question, "To what church do you belong?"

said, "I am a Universalist," and gave her some account of the church and its doctrine. "Universalist," said she, meditatively,—"how complete the name is, and how beautiful! How much it expresses,—universal truth, universal faith, hope, charity! It embraces God, and every child of God in the fulness of love!" The name seemed to her an embodiment of all that was excellent in theology and religion. It was such to the worthy subject of these records.

To her, Universalism was the name of all names given by earthly choice to the Christian sects. It comprehended the grandest of all utterances of the universal Father in answer to the spiritual wants of his creature man. It was God's goodness shining through all his works,—in the earth, in the heavens, in the universe, everywhere,—starlight, sun-ray, sailing cloud, and invisible wind, falling rains, fertilizing dews, changing seasons, Nature's magnificence, Nature's varieties, all proclaiming it. It was God's wisdom, enlightening men with a knowledge of his perfect law, teaching them the blessing of obedience, and warning them of the terrible consequences of transgres-

sion, saying to the erring one, paternally, as in the beginning of human experience upon the earth, "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? but if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door." It was God's love, outflowing to all his creatures, so moving him toward man as to cause him to send his holy Son for his guidance and redemption; love for the rebellious and unreconciled; for alienated ones, "dead in trespasses and sins;" love unbought, uncreated, unconfined, inextinguishable; love enduring through all change, seeking and saving that which was lost, calling not the righteous but sinners to repentance; higher than heaven, deeper than hell, adequate to the work of salvation with all souls. It was love running through all that seems evil, — all adversity, affliction, destruction, death, through which mortals must pass, and having its free and uninterrupted work in all hearts. It was God's power, — that power which "is able to save to the uttermost," —

> "From seeming evil still educing good,
> And better thence again, and better still,
> In infinite progression,"—

power over error, sin, everything that exalteth itself against truth and righteousness, — that would give the earthly dominion over the heavenly in man, — power that has announced its holy intention to deliver this whole human "creation from its bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." It was to her the most salutary and effective force that could be brought to operate upon the human heart, inducing its homage and obedience on that high and heavenly ground of apostolic statement and faith, — "We love him because he first loved us."

Such was the rich and comprehensive creed of the one whose experience we are recording. She saw in it all that her heart could wish; nothing to check her spiritual aspirations, or limit her spiritual improvement; nothing to render her narrowly sectarian, or self-righteous, or negligent of inward growth, but everything that could call forth her best powers, and consecrate them to the heavenly service, whether in the life that now is, or in that which is to come.

She was ready to fellowship all, by whatever

denōminational appellation they might be known, who professed a love for the Christian service, or the Christian name. If she could receive strength from their life, she was thankful for such aid; but she felt that a broader, nobler, more soul-inspiring faith mortals could not possess and enjoy than that which she had learned to know and love under the comprehensive and glorious name,—Universalism.

The desire and endeavor to be personally useful, as we have already intimated, was a virtue which Mary began to cherish in very early life. It was one which she inherited, and which a mother's influence and example served to strengthen in her as her years increased. Her early home was one where industry prevailed. Its members were helpers one of another. The children all had their work assigned them, and were made conscious, in some good degree, that they were responsible for their share of duty. And this virtue extended its operations beyond the family and home. Neither her parents nor the other members of the family were content to

live unto themselves. In their prosperity they did not forget what they might do for others, especially for those less favored than they. The mother and sisters were ever in readiness to render what aid they could to the sick or the needy; and no one of them took greater pleasure in these ministries of mercy than Mary.

She would willingly go from her own comfortable home, to sit for the night at the bedside of some weak or suffering one, the tediousness of whose long hours she might lighten, and to whose comfort she might minister by some kind word or deed. Never shall I forget the pleasure expressed by her in relating a night's experience away in the woods, out of her native village, in company with a most worthy woman, then very ill. The sick one lived there with an aged father and two idiot brothers. These, with Mary, were all that were in the house. Sometime in the night a violent thunder-storm arose. The weak-minded brothers became alarmed, and made wild outcries for a long time, to the great annoyance of the sick one. Instead of being disconcerted in

the midst of such a midnight scene both without and within doors, the young watcher seemed rather to regard it as one of those specially interesting experiences which, as a "sister of mercy," she might not often have occasion to enjoy. She would have been an admirable nurse of needy and suffering hospital inmates, — a willing helper of some Florence Nightingale.

Could she have lived to realize the afflictive visitation which so soon after her departure came upon her beloved country, how intensely would she have shared in that interest for the imperilled and sick and suffering of its brave defenders which has so widely and gloriously manifested itself through the ceaseless and toilsome ministries of the hearts and hands of the devoted women of our nation!

Her experience with the sick, however, was to be realized for successive years, in her own home. An older and much loved sister, whose brief wedded life had been deeply shaded by trial and sorrow, sank slowly down to the grave; and then the honored father, after a lingering illness,

passed away; and next the eldest brother; and finally, the faithful mother; all by that lingering but surely fatal disease, consumption. Through all these sicknesses, Mary, with heart unwearied, did her work faithfully. Day and night knew of her watching and toiling. These made some inroads upon her constitution, which were never wholly outgrown; but they served to give her an experience which rendered her, in all after-life one of the most reliable advisers in reference to the sick and infirm, and one of the most efficient nurses of them, that could be found in any neighborhood or home.

During the ministry of Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, her pastor, in Malden, she became a teacher in the Sabbath-school. She entered into this work with all her heart. It was a pleasure to her to impart, as it was to seek, religious instruction. A circle of teachers, and others interested in the investigation of the Scriptures, was formed, and held meetings at the house of the pastor. She became one of the most interested of them all in the objects of the "Institute," as it was called.

In the pastor's wife she found a warm-hearted, faithful adviser and friend, and an intimacy was formed between them which continued through her life.

She became exercised in mind as to her duty to the Christian church. A believer in Christian truth, she was also a sincere seeker after the Christian life. She desired to make a more distinct and public avowal of this interest, not to display her piety and virtue, but to give them a wider influence for good, if possible. Joining the church was to her one of the high privileges of the life God had given her. Too often, especially by the young, it is regarded in an entirely different light, — as an unwelcome call, an unattractive if not repulsive duty. They have not a present interest in the claims of the church. Connection with it may interdict many of life's pleasures, and lessen its joys. In riper years, and when cares and trials shall press more heavily upon them, then, perhaps this consecration of self to the Christian cause may be needful; but not now, while life is so fresh and fair, while its skies are so

bright, and the earth-scenery everywhere spread out in it so attractive, and there is such an exuberance of its good to be realized. As though the freshness and strength of life's morning, the first and freest efforts and tributes of the soul, should all be given to the lesser interests, and the greater be left until the darker times come, and the years when the heart shall say, "There is no pleasure in them"! As though the earthly might have the most, and the heavenly the least, of these great heart powers we possess! As though the gracious God of all would call us to a service that would not be in itself a pleasure and delight above all others this transient world could claim! As though He who entered upon his holy mission "for the joy that was set before him" would institute a church, and invite souls to its communion, without assuring them that in this communion his joy should be in them, and that their joy should be full! She of whom we write had given these considerations most truthful and devout attention, and had wisely resolved to heed the teachings of the Spirit, and to make a good confession of her

faith in the world's Teacher and Redeemer. After careful deliberation, prayerful thought, and the advice of those in whom she had strongest religious confidence, she was induced to become a member of the church, and entered upon this sacred relation on the second Sabbath in November, 1836.

In a note to her pastor's wife, just before entering upon this new relation, she writes, "It is my wish to become a member of the church of Christ under your husband's care. Think not, however, that I am but just aroused to a sense of my duty as to this step. Long have I desired to take it. But I have needed more confidence in myself, — in my ability to maintain my ground, truly, as a professor of the truth of the gospel. I have more of this self-confidence now, and implicit confidence in an ever-present helping God. I hope that others may be induced to join when I do." Her wish was answered; and afterward, in another note to the same friend, she says, "I was very happy that I was not alone. Those who joined at that time, being all young, made

me feel that we were a company of young petitioners at the throne of the Father for his aid and guidance in our journey through a life in which so much of trial and change will be known. They seemed and will seem more like brothers and sisters to me than other young friends; though, before I say this to the world, I would first know if they would allow me to designate them as such relatives of mine."

This step to her was one of the most important she had ever taken. But once made, it was a joy in her experience ever afterward. The church was to her a home. She loved to be with those who had its interests near to their hearts. She enjoyed most richly the seasons of communion, — the observance of the Lord's Supper. These seasons were occasions of spiritual refreshment, comfort, and peace. The Sabbaths that called her to them were, as she esteemed them, —

> "The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
> And the bright out-courts of immortal glory."

It was as she appeared at this time of her early

womanhood that a younger friend (Mr. William H. Richardson) remembered her in after-years, and made this pleasant record of his impressions:

"For many years, even from early boyhood, it was my good fortune to know this estimable woman. Gentle, sympathetic, and winning in her disposition, she was to my boyish eyes the incarnation of the true lady and trusty friend. Ah! little do they know the depths of boyhood's heart who think it cannot measure or appreciate the kind word, the heartfelt sympathy, the encouraging smile, or the recognition of some youthful triumph. Early impressions sink the deepest, and long years, filled as they may or may not be with the busy cares of life will never, never efface those words of kindness, those deeds of gentleness, by which some full heart has blessed the heedless boy. Well do I remember the beautiful girl just blooming into womanhood, whose maturity was but the rich fruition of the morning promise: well do I remember, and dearly do I cherish, that friendship of boyhood life which was something more than formal recognition, which was rather the tender solicitude of a sister, the earnest and loving heart which guided by its words of cheer, and inspired by its exalted sentiments."

RESIDENCE IN MALDEN.

"The glory of her youthful dream was changed;
It was not darkened, but its color grew
Intense with heavenly light." — Mrs. Mayo.

It was not until her twenty-second year that the writer of these pages became acquainted with Mary Hall Barrett. This was at the time of his settlement as pastor of the First Church in Malden. He found her one of the most devoted of his parishioners, as a member of the church, the choir, and the Sabbath-school, and an earnest worker in all. We were united in marriage in November, 1839.

It was said of Mary, by others, that she was peculiarly qualified to be the life companion of a minister. This was true. Her tastes and the tendencies of her mind affirmed this. She could appreciate the responsibility and work of a Christian minister. His interests and his methods of life she could make her own, without any hard

sacrifices on her part. United to a minister of her choice, she could with propriety adopt the words of Ruth to Naomi: "Whither thou goest, I will go: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." That she might have filled other stations with honor to herself and blessing to others, was evident; but of all positions in life, none could have been more gratifying to her than that of the wife of a minister of her own faith, whose life-interests she could sincerely identify with her own. Never, we believe, was there a union more happily entered upon and enjoyed than that which made this "twain one." A transcript of her own mind on the subject is given in a note to her friend, the wife of her former pastor:—

"To be a clergyman's wife, you know, has from my childhood been the acme of my desires; and I regard the day of my marriage as the commencement of my duties and pleasures, in anticipation of which my heart is joyous. Say you, dear sister, it is a way of trials, vexations, grievances, and toils? Then let them all come! I have ever toiled since old enough to superintend the family at home, and I

have been called to meet many grievances from childhood, in the baffling of fond wishes, and in troubles such as earth has for most of us. There has been One to sustain me, and impart fortitude to my heart. Now, his hand will still guide and uphold me."

To another dear friend she writes, in reference to leaving her old home, —

"Sometimes I feel very sad at the idea of leaving so many dear ones and fond recollections, because in this old home my parents lived and died, brother and sister, too; and when my dear mother lay upon her dying pillow, she gave into my charge those younger sisters, to advise and counsel as far as was in my power. I feel that being removed from them I cannot enter so deeply into their feelings and wishes as I do now. It is hard for me to leave them without their dear mother; and I know that they will feel the separation as deeply as I shall. Still, I am happy in view of my prospects. There is one whose home I am bound to bless and to cheer as far as I can; and whose efforts will all be put forth for my happiness. I am aware that I must pass through trials with which I am now unacquainted. But my mind has borne stern trials in the past. I welcome what shall come as a means of discipline and purification."

The marriage service was held in the church on Sunday evening, November 3d, Rev. Thomas Whittemore officiating, and after the delivery of a discourse by him, from our Lord's words as recorded in Matthew xix. 6, — "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." The discourse was doctrinal and practical, showing how God had joined, in his immutable purposes, 1. Man to him; 2. Man to his fellow-man; 3. Sin and punishment, obedience and happiness; 4. Man to immortality. A large audience manifested its appreciation of the sermon, as well as its interest in the service which followed.

The simple reasons for having the wedding ceremonies thus public are stated by Mary in a note to a friend, whom she had invited to be present from a neighboring town.

"Our friends are numerous indeed, and our connections also. This fact forbids our inviting them to the wedding, as the house in which we are to live is not spacious enough to accommodate all who would be here. As it will be in the church, all who come can witness it."

To another sister friend, with whom she en-

joyed the pleasure of correspondence and companionship in subsequent life, she thus opens her heart: —

"Think of me, dear sister, on that evening, about the time I shall stand at the altar, to promise, before God and the world, what my heart readily yields, — allegiance to the laws of Christian love, and a husband."

As we contemplate her in this new relation, it may not be out of place to express a few thoughts in reference to a topic which has been discussed with not a little freedom in the various denominational circles in Christendom; we mean ministers' wives.

The wives of ministers have been, in many instances, wrongfully judged. Their positions and duties have been underrated and overrated. Too much has been expected of them on the one hand, and on the other hand too little consideration exercised as to their influence on the work of the minister. Some one has expressed the conviction that, to meet public expectation in many instances, the minister's wife must be, "like Mary,

ever at the Master's feet, in possession of the 'one thing needful,' regardless of every worldly interest; like Martha, always serving without being incumbered by it; like Dorcas, ready with constant supplies for the destitute; like the prophetess Anna, in constant attendance at the temple; like the widow of Sarepta, capable of using smallest means for the supply of her household, without diminishing the quantity." That there have been many of this honored company who have in some good degree answered to these extreme expectations, the true history of the Christian ministry would show. Many a man would have had poor success as a pastor, but for the good influence of his wife. She has been his inspiration to duty, and his truest aid when duty most troubled him, — the peacemaker, the reconciler, the angel whose presence unites all hearts, and dissipates all clouds with a heavenly sunshine. With hand and heart full of duty at her own home, she dispenses blessings in many others. With the aged, the middle-aged, and the children, she becomes the attractive medium of connection be-

tween pastor and people. Said a New England minister, at an annual festival a few years since,

"A distinguished lecturer once called on a clergyman of a parish, and though the clergyman was absent from home, the wife was ready to welcome the stranger. He found her washing the floor. The lecturer expressed surprise in the hearing of a friend. Said the friend to him, 'Young man, *if you ever get to heaven, you will find in the front rank ministers' wives.*'"

Mrs. Adams saw not only the sunny but the shady side of this experience which the pastor's wife must realize. Conscientious and sensitive as she was, she could not fail to understand and to feel most truly the responsibilities which she had assumed. In a letter of date April 18th, 1841, to a dear friend, the wife of another clergyman, she writes, —

"I think the duties and trials of a minister's wife are but poorly understood and wrongly estimated by a great many. I refer more particularly to visiting, now. The relationship between the sisters of a society and the faithful minister's wife is not the least of holy ties that bind woman to woman. Yet we are often led to suppose

that it is regarded as unimportant and unmeaning, except as it is considered as an exalted one, that places one woman far above another. This may be the result of education, in part; but it is oftener, as I think, the result of ignorance and indifference. It is of but little consequence to some whether they call upon the minister's wife or not; but should she fail to visit them, she might be judged with great uncharitableness.

"Perhaps you will think that I forget the minister, and the many discouraging circumstances of a like nature that *he* is called to endure. But no; I often wonder that he does not faint; that he is not discouraged. Still, he can publicly defend himself, and his brother ministers can advocate his cause. But who will speak for us?"

It was not with the thought of complaint, because of her inability to meet all these expectations of others, that our sister thus expressed herself. She had entered upon this new work of her life from principle, with a loving and trusting heart. She had resolved to do her duty, as far as she had means and opportunity for doing it, and to leave the consequences with Him to whose eye all hearts were open, and who had promised

to be the unfailing aid and strength of his confiding and dutiful children.

One thing she had determined upon in the outset of her married life, and that was, to be true to the interests of her home. To look well "to the ways of her own household" had become a kind of second nature with her, so thorough in this respect had been her own home experience and education. The good she had received, she now desired to impart; and although many duties might justly call her abroad, yet she could not, for any of them, turn from these first and imperative claims which home had upon her. Here was her holiest place; the beauty and power of her life were here.

The conviction seemed ever present with her, that the good home was the centre and source of the richest and most enduring blessing which a community or a nation can ever realize or enjoy. It was her desire to do what she could to contribute to this blessing.

She believed that a sense of God's presence and aid in this sacred place was above all other considerations desirable, and that no home could

rightly afford to be without the family altar. It was in the enjoyment of this institution that she found some of the holiest aspirations of her own soul answered, and, in some good measure, fitted herself to become the religious guardian and helper of the children committed by a gracious Providence to her charge. She would have them welcomed to an earthly home in readiness, not only in its supplies of their temporal wants, but having in store for them the treasures of that kingdom which "is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in holiness." It was here, too, that she would seek daily supplies of grace for her own soul's advancement in truth and purity. The religion in which she believed with her whole heart was a religion of growth, — growth in Christ, in his character, spirit, and life; it was a religion consisting of devotion and deeds, worship and benevolent action, adoration of God, and fraternal operative love to man. She had little sympathy with the extremes in which too many religionists indulge; the one putting great dependence upon the observance of devotional exercises, — piety toward God, — while active in-

terest in behalf of human good is often regarded as but cold morality; or with that other mistake, that good works constitute religion, and that prayers to God can better be dispensed with than benevolence to mankind. She believed in both these evidences of the true Christian character and life, — in the divine source, and in the divine outflow from it; in the prayer that seeks God's help, and in the help that comes through prayer, and goes forth into the good deed to sanctify and bless it, — a daily and constant heart-communion with the heavenly, that moves the feet to go upon errands, and the hands to do the work, of goodness and mercy, in the midst of the wants and failures and woes of this earthly life. She believed in the two lives here to be sought, enjoyed, and improved by all, — the inner life with God and our own hearts, the outward life with the world. The inner life was of first consequence with her. Her convictions of it seemed to correspond to the older words of the good George Herbert: —

"By all means, use sometimes to be alone;
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear.

"Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own;
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there."

She was conscious of her own deficiencies. A faultless Christian she did not expect to be, but one, rather, who must contend with errors, temptations, and infirmities, such as ever beset mortals in this earthly sphere. She believed in self-discipline, and sought to make her own heart a subject of it. No one, it has seemed to us, could be freer in the acknowledgment of her own short-comings than she, and none seemed to desire more sincerely to have them supplied through that fulness which is in Christ. It was a part of the true Christian's work, as she deemed it, to be watchful as well as prayerful, to be outgrowing old weaknesses, and gaining new accessions of the divine life-power. As she read the New Testament, this was the instruction coming to her from its pages. Paul meant it, when he wrote, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which I am apprehended of Christ Jesus;" and Peter, in his exhortation

to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." True life to her was growth, progress, higher and wider vision, new attractions realized, new strength acquired, new victories gained.

Whatever she could obtain of the thoughts and experiences of others, written or unwritten, that might aid her in this work of introspection and improvement, she always welcomed. It was this method of life — subject to many interruptions — which served to impart to her that inward strength which gave steadiness of purpose and good heart to her in her intercourse with others, and in her exertions for their temporal or spiritual welfare. It was by this inward supply from the infinite source that the usefulness of her outward life was made to appear.

She entered upon her new relations under circumstances which might not have been so agreeable to one of less firmness and conscientiousness than she possessed. The parish and church of which her husband was pastor was one in the midst of which she had grown up to womanhood.

Could she meet the expectations of those who had so long and so well known her from her earliest days? Could she sustain herself with that prudence, dignity, and fidelity which might perhaps be expected of another whose past life had not been so familiar to the people of the place? Such questions would arise in her mind, and no wonder. But she met them all with the resolution and confidence of a Christian woman. Fourteen years of pleasant intercourse with the members of this parish proved the fidelity and success of the minister's wife, and the appreciation of her work on the part of the people.

She was anxious for the growth of the church. She had great love for this Christian institution, and she would have others in love with it too. Upon no one topic did she speak more earnestly, at times, than upon the religious responsibility resting upon those professing the faith which she so fondly cherished, — their duty to show to the world the excellency of this faith by doing the work which it demands. In mere theoretical Universalism, she had but little confidence. This

great name to her signified a heart-power, a motive, urging to godlike action, — to the life of love. Not "to the letter that killeth" would she seek to bring others, but to "the Spirit that giveth life." And with this righteous intent, she was prompted to use her influence to deepen the religious life of the church, and to win new hearts to fellowship and communion with it. She had the satisfaction of knowing that this "labor in the Lord" on her part had not been in vain. Of the living and the departed there are those who will hold her in grateful remembrance for the interest taken by her in their spiritual growth and life.

To the Sabbath-school, also, she was specially devoted. She had her work there whenever this was practicable on her part, and no one was more punctual or interested as a teacher than she. Anxious in her preparation to meet her class on the Sabbath, she usually found the class in readiness to meet and welcome her. A growing and strong attachment of teacher and pupils was the result. Her faithful words of instruction were,

in many instances, precious seeds of truth sown in productive soil. She lived to know of such desirable effects, and to be glad because of them. Added to these interests were others, in which she could not fail to be active to the extent of her ability. In sewing-circle or Relief Committee, in parish festival or Sabbath-school exhibition, she had her voluntary and inevitable work.

During her residence as the pastor's wife in Malden, she was absent from home but little. A few journeyings in her own and into a neighboring State, including a short summer visit to the seashore on Cape Ann, were all the excursions abroad she made. And these were richly enjoyed. A few visits to dear friends in a mountain region of Northern New Hampshire were deemed by her of great value. They refreshed and strengthened her when she needed a brief exemption from home cares and duties. During one of these sojourns in the Granite State, she writes home, —

"Blessings on the country, — the *real* country, where world is no pushing, crowding, hurrying, driving through universal, but where every man, and every woman even,

can sit down once in the day, at least, and enjoy a little rest, refreshment, quiet, and meditation if they will. Really, God seems nearer here. Thoughts of him will crowd upon the mind, and these grand manifestations of his power and his paternal care over the children of men, scattered all around us, will arouse the religious feelings, unless these are blunted by long neglect or abuse."

Once during her married life she visited Portsmouth, N. H., the place of her husband's nativity, and there formed acquaintances of which she had pleasing remembrances in after-life. From this place in company with others, she attended the annual session of the Rockingham Association of Universalists, which was held in Poplin (now Freemont), in August, 1841. It was a meeting of much religious interest and social enjoyment. This, with occasional attendance at conventions and associations in her own State, and once in Rhode Island, was most of her visiting abroad. She loved her life in the family, and if not called to any extensive earthly journeying, she was no stranger in that realm which the earthly cannot bound, where new views of the spiritual

and infinite are enjoyed by the interested visitant, and where the truly progressive Christian learner is ever more and more at home.

Her strong interest in the religious education and welfare of the young induced one of our denominational publishers in Boston (Rev. J. M. Usher), to engage her as the editor of a small work to be entitled "The Sabbath-School Annual." She, with some hesitation at first, consented to comply with his request, and for three years the little visitor went forth, filled with pleasant and instructive reading for the youthful ones. She thus speaks of her intentions respecting the work in a letter to a friend of whom she solicited a contribution for it: —

"I never more than at present felt the necessity of well-directed efforts to keep, to win, to reclaim the young from what is wrong and unholy; to kindle a love of pure and sound instruction within them, — a love of Christ and his precepts in their hearts; to supply them with a defence against the thousand temptations arrayed to defile and destroy them. I know that you must feel with me the great need of presenting good and profitable reading

to them, and the importance of filling our juvenile books with instructive lessons in morality and religion. You and your husband and sister can do much good through your pens in writing for the young. You have been ready to assist me in making up the Annuals already issued, and I am glad indeed that you have regarded the little offerings as worthy of your aid."

The "Annual" was supplied with articles from the most popular writers in the denomination. It had but one defect, — the pictures, some of which were hardly entitled to their places with the excellent matter for the juvenile reader that accompanied them.

In the springtime of 1847, after the pastor had dwelt nine years in Malden, a very pleasant demonstration was made one evening at the church, significant of the good-will existing between the minister and his people. Valuable presents were made to the pastor and wife, accompanied by a very appropriate address from Mr. W. H. Richardson, Jr., the superintendent of the Sabbath-school. In his reply, the pastor took occasion to speak in behalf of his companion, and to express his own

deep gratification that they had been permitted to prove that, whatever might have been the history of other ministerial connections, it is not always unsafe nor unpopular for a minister to marry one of his own parish.

It was in the early autumn of this same year that death first entered the little family, and called one in tender infancy away. It was a new experience, and was met by the stricken mother in the calm trust of a Christian heart. Soon after the event, she was prostrated by severe sickness, and we were apprehensive at one time that she might leave us for the higher home. Such were her convictions. And she had prepared herself for whatever change might come. She had lived for duty; she was ready for the Master's call, whether to a continuation of her work here, or to the higher offices in the heavenly home. It pleased the good Father to restore her to the loved ones of earth again. Her recovery, however, was slow, and it was not until the succeeding summer that she was enabled to enter as usual upon her active duties again.

In a letter to a dear friend, alluding to the scenes of bereavement and sickness through which she had passed, she thus writes: —

"The time has been, my dear sister, since I wrote you, when I supposed our communion on the earth was ended. Once have I died virtually, having bade adieu to all that was dear to me here. I have been enshrouded in grave-clothes and lain in the tomb. I now am like one risen from the dead. Indeed, much of my life for the last year seems a dream, a vision, — a sad one, too, my sister. The bitterest experience of my life, the holiest realization of heavenly hope, have alike been mine, since we last exchanged thoughts. I had thought to hear from you when my frame was bowed by sickness and sorrow. You always have a word of hope for the dejected, a store of comfort to those who mourn. And although I received no fresh supply from your kind heart at the time of my affliction, I have still been blest with what was before mine, in your sweet letters of old. Doubtless you could not write. I know you had not forgotten me."

During her residence in Malden, Mrs. Adams formed many friendly relationships which were very dear to her through life. These included most of the families of the ministers of our faith

who resided in the vicinity of Boston, and elsewhere in Massachusetts and in New England. Never was she more gratified than to welcome them to her home, or to enjoy their company. Among the friends specially endeared to her, and with whom she enjoyed for a time much pleasant correspondence, were Miss S. C. Edgarton (afterwards Mrs. Mayo) and Mrs. E. A. Bacon. One brief visit to our home was ever held in most agreeable and thankful remembrance. It was that of the two kindred spirits, Miss Edgarton and Miss Charlotte Fillebrown (afterward Mrs. Jerauld). There were rare and rich communings on that occasion, the only one ever thus enjoyed by us all. The three sister spirits have since renewed their companionship in a higher sphere.

The Universalist pastor residing nearest to our home, within a pleasant walking distance, was Dr. Ballou, of Medford. I need not write for those who intimately knew him how welcome his frequent calls at our home were, and how highly we prized his presence and companionship. As I write, the living and the dead, those who were

then dwelling in that neighborhood, come up before me in that home, — the venerable Fathers Ballou and Streeter, Dr. Ballou, Whittemore, Chapin, King, Paige, Skinner, and others, whose hearts were united in the love of a common cause, and whose enviable calling it was to declare the unsearchable riches of a world's Redeemer to their fellow-men. A noble part of that company are not here. With the humble and loved one who was the light of that home, they have passed on to the brighter realm. We remain for a brief season, and in that tarrying time it shall be our blessing to enjoy the sacred memories of these sainted ones now awaiting us on "the shining shore."

Mrs. Adams kept no private journal. Whatever of her daily life thoughts and interests were made subjects for the pen may be found chiefly in her correspondence. Her letters were often rapidly written, and were usually the free outpourings of her heart. She never wrote any of them for mere effect, and seldom, except on business, when she did not feel a good degree of freedom toward the

person addressed. She was best satisfied if in these communications she could cheer others who were depressed in spirit, or impart any useful information, or give a few words of kindly advice to those younger and less experienced in life than herself, or sympathize with the afflicted, or direct attention to that religious aspect of life which she so truly enjoyed. Sometimes these letters were intersprinkled with innocent sallies of wit, now and then with suggestions in reference to some author whose writings had specially interested her; but oftener the topics upon which she wrote were those most closely connected with the cares and callings of home life, and in suggestions as to the daily usefulness with which this life may be invested.

The brief extracts which follow are taken from letters written during her residence in Malden. On the subject of a true Christian acquaintance and familiarity with heavenly objects and interests, she thus expresses herself to a friend:—

"Is it not a sad and humiliating consideration that so many who profess to be Christ's disciples think and talk

of heaven as an imaginary, a ficticious, state of being, or a place to which our Father will send his children after their life here is ended, instead of a real, sure, and blessed home, — a place where the wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary find rest? How beautiful! Think and talk of heaven, I say; but, oh, I feel that we do not, as a body of Christians, so think and talk. We seem afraid to say Heaven, and God, and Father in Heaven, and Better Home, except in our prayers, or in the low voice of a Sabbath-school teacher, or of a parent to the little ones. We seldom talk of these things in the sunlight, over the needle, around the hearth on Monday or Tuesday, in the highway, at the greeting of friends, among the merry youth we meet, at the social board. Alas! — but it is too true, — they are Sunday themes, sick-bed topics, the minister's subjects, or ideas for the dying when earthly things must be given up."

No one held in truer reverence and esteem the Christian Sabbath than she. It was to her a sacred day, because of the special memories, privileges, and duties always connected with it in the mind of the believing and devout Christian believer. She had heard of the formation of a Sabbath-school, and of the interest which a few

friends had taken in behalf of it, in a pleasant country village in New Hampshire, and thus writes to one of them:—

"I learn that you have a Sabbath-school of nearly forty members. Really, you must be glad that you can witness this interest in so good a work at this unfavorable season of the year. There is hope of better things in the future, if the young can be brought under good religious influences, and taught rightly to spend and keep inviolate the one holy day. Some dear friends think me puritanic in my ideas of keeping Sabbath time. But I know that I am not unreasonably strict nor bigoted in my notions. Of one thing I am convinced, that is, that those who do love the Sabbath and the good influences on society and mankind arising from its proper observance must devotedly keep it, and cherish sacredly and improve religiously its hours, or the scoffer will be confirmed, the doubter lost to a sense of its claims, and the young be led to believe that there need be no Sabbath."

In a letter to a dear friend whose home was gladdened with the presence of a first-born child, she thus freely alludes to the bereavement which her own heart had experienced:—

"The little Alice, then, will soon be a year old. I do not forget the sober-faced darling. I think much of you, S——, with the little treasure in your hands, or nestling on your breast; and I go at once from earth to heaven, and find my own little jewel which the Saviour hath taken to keep for me. And although I would gratefully love to fold an infant in my arms, again for weeks and months to feast upon its opening attractions, I would not call the departed one back. I shall always have a child in heaven, and I shall be oftener there because she is one of its angels. It is right."

The early death of one whom she had never yet seen, but with whom she was hoping to form and enjoy a happy acquaintance, was the occasion which calls forth these thoughts in a letter to a beloved friend, one of the afflicted family circle: —

"A shade has come over our thoughts as we have considered the affliction that has come to your home. That dear sister, whom the Father hath called away, was one whom I have loved since first I heard of her virtues, and had really thought to meet her, and had hoped to win a little portion of her love. But such was not God's will. I can give you my heart in sympathy; for in my short life I have been no stranger to death, nor to its sorrowful doings.

I have felt in youth the arrow that pierces the heart of the living when the dead lie around. I have seen father mother, brothers, sisters, and tender friends drop away; I have watched their slow steps to the tomb. I have sought to strengthen the living when their last support has been shaken by the fall of some cherished upholder and protector. It has been mine to hear a mother's failing, struggling voice whisper out its counsels, its comfort, its prayers for me when she should be no more. Death even seems *one of us*, so frequently have his steps been directed to the home of my birth, so familiarly has he taken those I loved and led them far from my anxious gaze. And is it surprising that a heart, a young heart too, that has so often bled from its own wounds, that has so often throbbed with grief at its own losses, that has so missed and mourned the loved ones from its own home, should feel and weep and mourn when others do under similar afflictions? The heart grows tender by its frequent stripes. And if I have been so stricken, so severely tried, so often cast down, have I nothing, being raised again and happy, to offer to those who are still bowed down? Surely, I have; for these trials have taught me that the world, though it may have its fascinations, is insufficient for the heart of man. I have learned that, though parents leave us forever as our earthly guardi-

ans, still we are not orphans; that the protection of the infinite Guardian is sure. I have learned that my brothers and sisters are not those alone who gathered around the same mother with me, or have playfully enjoyed the smiles of the same father, but that they are the children of God; and moreover, that where his spirit and his image are, there is where the tie of sisterly love binds me. To be the veriest servant to his children, is to be free indeed. And more. I have learned that to bind my affections to earthly things is to nourish the seeds of disappointment. My weeping eyes have followed the departed ones till they were no more seen; but has sight utterly failed me? Oh, no! for the eye of faith has seen them in their better home, — in that blest presence of the Parent of all. And so I could seek to comfort others with the comfort wherewith I was comforted of God."

The limited time which she could find for literary pursuits and enjoyments, in the midst of home and parish cares, was eagerly seized and employed. She appreciated a good author, and loved to commend books which had pleased and edified her to others. We find in her correspondence, a letter to a much loved and younger friend in New Hampshire, in which she is evidently tak-

ing great pleasure in commending to the attention of this friend the poetical works of Miss Elizabeth Barrett (afterward Mrs. Browning). A large portion of "The House in the Clouds" is transcribed for the benefit of the one addressed, with such comments as very plainly evince the delight of the writer in the poem. In the same letter, she specifies "Sleeping and Watching," "A Portrait," "Bertha in the Lane," and "The Children Crying" as among the most attractive poems she had found in perusing the pages of this eminent authoress.

In a letter written from Malden, in 1850, to a very dear friend in Lowell (now departed), she thus alludes to their different life experiences, and to the changes which they had realized since their first acquaintance with each other, and since the enjoyment of a happy visit and picnic excursion, years before, amid the summer scenery of the mountain home of her friend. There, out-of-door refreshment tables had been spread where the iron track of the railroad was afterward laid: —

"I learn that the railroad-makers are busy near your

native village, and that one of their shanties occupies the place where the table was spread at the picnic. How unpoetical! Yes, prosaic as I am, such a fact as this disturbs me somewhat. And that sweet cottage site; do you suppose it is occupied by the same kind of building? Farewell to the beautiful interval. It will be to us among the things that were, henceforth; and its quiet shade, its waving boughs and thick-grown shrubs, will be forsaken by the sweet songsters of the wood. Yet *all* the lovely haunts will not be broken up by the ever-restless spirit of man's invention, or traversed by the strong iron horse. He can pass where the river makes its bed, but he will not be likely to climb to where the trickling stream comes gushing cool from a rock or spring on the mountain's side. And it will be long ere all those turfy hills and wood-crowned mountain ranges will be levelled by man's improvements.

"But what I have just written suggests other thoughts. We are no longer girls, ready and free to roam and climb, and spend long hours in the cool of the mountain woods. We have left behind us the liberty of girlhood. Our calls now are not to choose our recreation, but to faithfully perform each our allotted duties. You have not lost your love of romance; you do not mean that it shall be buried in the realities of life that now are crowding

around you. But I know that you are changed. Your life at your own home, and your letters assure me of this. You have been overtaken by life's realities, and have become better prepared than formerly to meet them. You and I have drawn nearer to each other since you left that ideal world among the mountains in which for years you revelled, and have come out into life as it is, and into woman's true sphere. You love me better than you did (all unworthy as I feel, I say it), not because I have grown so much better, but because you understand me — we understand each other — better. We could not be so near alike at once. But it is Saturday night; I am a matron at home, and must heed the calls that come. Excuse this abrupt conclusion."

"The calls that come." For these she seemed always in readiness, whatever her means to meet them might be. They did not take her by surprise. During this time of her life, while she was the pastor's companion in that olden parish of her native town, she gave impressive evidence of her agreement in spirit with that apostolic injunction, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Toward the close of

her residence here, we find her writing in one of her letters to a friend, —

"My husband is engaged here for another year, making his twelfth year with this people. 'Settled for life,' some say, 'or during *the life of his wife.*' It may be not, however; for his wife really has a desire to retire from the aggressions of city life upon the quiet and simple manners of our suburban people. Sometimes I sigh for the leisure of a more retired situation, and the opportunities it would afford for meditation, self-examination, and self-culture. To live always in bustle and hurry, and a ceaseless round of positive duties, accords not perfectly with my strong desire for a truly religious life. I suppose — I know, indeed — that I am weak; but I find it utterly beyond me to grow spiritually, with all my present cares and duties, as I would like. Yet this is one field of duty, and in some respects I think I can improve it. I hope I shall."

In correspondence with another friend, about this time, she writes, —

"Society imposes many duties upon us that I sometimes wish away; for I do not believe they have enough of holiness about them to sanctify them to the good of

woman; and I have not the moral courage to maintain an entire independence of them. And here what some one else has written is true of me: that many domestic evils which afflict us 'are owing to present circumstances of social life; but that many of them are chargeable to a sad submission to those circumstances is also too true. It is in the power of women to make their domestic life more holy in its discipline and ends than they now do.' You perceive that I am not without instructors in these things. No, once in a while I catch a paragraph in a newspaper that gives me a courteous rap for my domestic deficiencies, and I just take my scissors and clip it out, and pin it up where my eyes shall every day read it; and then I know my sensitive heart will feel, and that I shall try to change, to reform."

In December, 1852, the writer of these memoirs accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the Universalist society in Worcester, Mass. It was not without very deep regret on his part that this step was taken. But it was the result of a conviction of duty, and one of the chief inducements to it was a desire to improve, if possible, the health of the pastor's wife. It was believed that a residence farther inland, away from the sea, and

from exposure to the strong easterly winds of the New England coast, might prove beneficial to her. The pastor had an invitation to three different places; namely, Waterville, Me., Cambridgeport and Worcester, Mass. He chose the latter place; and one great cause of the choice was the consideration already stated. There was but one conclusion afterward, on our part, and on the part of many friends, as to the propriety of the choice; and this was, that the change added years to her life.

At the time of the removal of the family, Mrs. Adams was in feeble health. She was unable to attend to the household care and labor preparatory to this event, and shared the kind attentions of brothers and sisters in Malden until the new home in Worcester was in readiness for her reception.

RESIDENCE IN WORCESTER.

"Home of good fellowship and peace, our thoughts
Of thee come freighted with sweet memories."

It was in the springtime of 1853 that she was welcomed into the new home in Worcester. As the season advanced, she sought its out-of-door attractions, and though unable at first to make but little exertion, she gradually gained strength, and found herself slowly improving as the summer advanced, and she could go forth beneath its smiling sky, and find her best medicine in its pure and invigorating air. The east winds lost much of their harshness here, and the pleasant change of scene which she realized in her change of places added something to the causes of her improvement. She was highly pleased with her new home, — a residence on Salisbury Street, in the north part of the city, — and after she had resumed her correspondence with friends, thus writes of it to one of them: —

"You would not believe that we were living in a city, should you come here and stay. We have not much riding out on our street, and we cannot see the buildings nor hear the noise of the city; so we just fancy ourselves in a lovely country village, and enjoy it accordingly. We are on the shady side of the house in the morning, but are sure of enjoying the sunny side in the afternoon, with richest sunset scenes often. This city is one of the pleasantest of all places that I have ever seen or enjoyed. Our home has been very delightful here, ever since I recovered from my illness. There never was a home more full of blessings than ours; and our hearts, I trust, are trying to be as full of contentment and thankfulness to the great and good Father whose love and mercy are shed around us in such abundance!"

New acquaintances and friends were now made. The pastor's wife entered with a whole heart into a work like that which in the past had so engrossed her. She found congenial spirits in this new connection, — good, earnest workers.

She was glad to lead in or to second any movement whereby the society, or church, or Sabbath-school, could be profited, or the needy, anywhere within the reach of her influence, be benefited.

It was quite impossible for her to keep her light hidden. She heeded the direction of the Master to his disciples too faithfully for that. The word of the apostle on the occasion of his conversion to Christianity seemed to be the question of her spirit: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Her interest had its influence. It enkindled interest in others; it drew hearts in nearness to her; it was a commendable and faithful tribute to that cause which, in her estimation, was above all other causes ever commended to mankind.

In a letter to a dear friend in Malden, of date July 3, 1853, we find an expression of her enjoyment of the first season of public Christian communion in the church, with her new friends. The extract includes the utterance of a most earnest desire for the continued and increased prosperity of the church and society in Malden:—

"I have been to church to-day. It was communion Sabbath, the first one that I have been permitted to enjoy with this new people in the observance of the Lord's Supper. The most natural feeling in the world, I suppose, filled my mind during the preliminary movements,

which was none other than a recurrence of thought to similar occasions in that old church at home, and, need I add, to the dear, good friends who ever went before the Lord with us, in our observance of the rite? My emotions were new. Here for the first time I sat with stranger brothers and sisters, away from that old sanctuary where I was christened, received into the visible church, married, and where my babes have been dedicated to the service and will of the Father. Here, on new ground, amid new faces, with stranger hearts all around me, away from kindred and home, I drew near to my God and Saviour for their blessing, and the communication of the influences of the Holy Spirit. I felt truly that I was separated from home and old friends; that I occupied a new position, and had a new work before me. Yes, new experiences will be daily coming. May Heaven aid and direct me; so shall I not utterly fail of doing good.

"I greatly miss the sweet bouquets this summer. But you write that you still carry them to the church. That is right. You did not offer them solely to the minister, but to the altar itself; and it was good that you did so. Yours was no minister-worship. Strong as your attachment is, you yet have right feelings in relation to worship and the cause and another pastor. Of this I am glad. I do not feel glad when Christians are given

to man-worship, in whatsoever form it is offered. Your future pastor will need all the support and encouragement you can give him by your strong personal attachment, and the society will need the quickening influences going out from just such zealous, true-hearted co-workers as you; and I beseech you, in the name of our most holy faith, to continue to do for it as much as is in you."

Duties and works for others abroad never were the occasion of lessening her love of home. The cares and joys of the family circle had greatest and most constant attractions for her. She thus writes to a friend on home and children: —

"I am, as you say, in a new home! and *my home*, you know, was always the pleasantest spot in the world. It is as true now as ever. I say it sincerely, that our home in this beautiful city is just one of the happiest homes that was ever blest with sunshine and starlight. . . . Of stars, you know, we have three, as you have, — 'a little trinity' here, but one of brighter and holier beam in that other home, whose light plays ever around the Father's throne. In this experience, too, we are alike. Blessed be God for children! A neighbor of ours says to a young mother, 'Why, I should rather have children than not,

even if I should lose them all; for they go to make up a family in heaven, and I shall yet enjoy them there.' That is the theory. The departed are so many links to bind us to the unseen home."

And, again, in a letter to another, she thus alludes to the gracious dealings of God in raising her up, as if from the dead, and expresses her determination to be more engaged than ever in the new work before her:—

"There is much that I could write in answer to your question, 'How does life pass with you?' Twice since I saw your face life's sands have nearly run out, and I supposed my work on the earth finished. But it has pleased God to answer the prayer of some righteous friend, and I am now restored and at work. You call me from my busy life to write you a few lines. And so I will, my good sister. But say if I ought not to keep busy? When for weeks and months all efforts to labor were utterly fruitless, and rapid thought brought to mind the little atom of good I had done in the world, did I not vow that if God spared my life, I would henceforth work for him? He raised me up, and now I will do al I can for his cause. Hence I must be busy; life must be

as useful as I can make it; and then there will be nothing whereof I can boast, when indeed I do depart from the earth."

Here is also an expression of her view of the imperfection and uncertainty of all earthly blessings, and her quiet contentment with whatever allotments of a gracious Providence might be hers: —

"I often feel as if my cup were too full of joy and blessing to be thus long, and always more full than I deserve. Also that if we have the measure of fulness meted out in one way, there must come subtraction in another, that the cup be not *perfectly* filled. At the same time, you know well that I enjoy all that is given us, and am contented with the lot which Heaven assigns to me."

This readiness for whatever might appear under the wise dispensation of the Father's wisdom and goodness is thus expressed: —

"What is in store for us we know not, as all our destinies are in the hand of a wise and beneficent Being, who does not unfold his mysteries any faster than we can bear them. I often have solemn exercise of mind on the thought

of leaving this bright home, and the possible rupture of its happiness. Sometimes I think myself as well prepared as I ever can be, by simply contemplating what we call the chances of life, to have the strong and holy ties that bind me to kindred and friends of earth sundered; for it will, it must be a distressing thought to me till the pains of the body overpower the emotions of the soul. Yet I do not feel that I love this world unduly. I ever try to live in it as not wholly for it, but as passing on to a better and holier one."

It was a pleasure to her to seek, according to the apostolic direction, to comfort others by the same comfort wherewith she was comforted of God. In a letter to an aged friend and mother, who had been bowed under heavy bereavements, she writes, —

"The aged Dr. Ripley, of Concord, Mass., used to say, that every day, when we arose, we ought to reflect that we might die before night, and every night to reflect that we might die before morning. And if there is anything we want said, or anything we wish to do, before we leave this world, it should be attended to. But I think there are very few minds that could live and be cheerful with the

thoughts of death so continually in mind. And again, it is impossible, in my opinion, with very few exceptions, for our hearts to be prepared, as we say, for our own death, or the death of our dearest relatives, except as God in his mercy and wisdom insensibly prepares us. He does not send us great and heavy afflictions without having first allotted us something of good and sound comfort by which we may feel consoled, if we only read his providences aright, and search for the intentions of our all-wise Father in his dealings.

"And still again, it is not grateful in his children to remember so keenly the bitter drops in life's cup, while we forget the many pleasant draughts which his hand has presented to us. Therefore, my dear friend, I trust that you will not dwell too intently on the single bitter event of your child's death, but rather keep in mind all that you remember of his happy youth, and all his pleasant intercourse with us during his visit home, and try to conceive of the union of those three dear children who have gone to the great home above before us, and of their meeting their father who had gone before them. To be laid in the grave, or to sleep in icy coldness, is not all that there is connected with the death of the boy. The release of the invisible and mysterious soul, its destiny in unknown regions, — which, though unknown to us, are under the con-

trol of Him whom we trust as our unerring Friend, — the recognition of loved ones long separated, and their union in sympathy, affection, and life, are better and more profitable thoughts for us to indulge in. If God designed that the death of our friends should cause us to be enshrouded in darkness and gloom, would he have sent Jesus to reveal the resurrection-life to us, whereby we can feel assured that our friends are still in existence? The very fact, too, that our relations and duties to the living do not stop when one friend dies may be regarded as a proof that we are to leave the departed with God, from whom their spirits came, and be comforted and sustained, and feel blest in the abundance of mercies surrounding us. In fervent, heartfelt prayer I know you will find consolation and peace. Your trust in God will increase, too, in every season of prayer. May he enable you to be, in the midst of this deep and unexpected bereavement, one of his faithful, cheerful children!"

To another friend, on the subject of separation by death, she thus communicates her thoughts:—

"When I think of and sorrow for such as you, a fearful idea of what the separation of wedded hearts must be comes like a terrible shock upon me. To bring the hand of Providence thus near to my own heart almost overpowers

me. Yet thousands are brought to suffer it. I will pity all, and try to console such as I may. To be 'made perfect through suffering,' my dear sister, is a hard experience for human hearts; but if, by reason of it, we are brought near unto God, and become like Him whose life and death and resurrection were witnesses unto us of God's truth, we may always say, 'Thy will be done.' That God's way is not the best way, neither you nor I would for a moment assert. Yet to bow in meekness and true submission, when the sorrowful hour arrives, is so hard that we almost declare to the world our unbelief! Let us seek to be consistent Christians."

Detained upon a Sabbath by illness from the communion service, she thus expresses her thoughts to an invalid sister and friend of the church, who is realizing a similar deprivation: —

"It is our communion day. We cannot sit with the disciples at the public table, and there remember Him who loved us and died for us. But we can bow ourselves in spirit and supplicate, and Jesus will come to us, and abide with and teach us, and impart to our frail and trembling spirits some portion of that heavenly strength and surprising fortitude that enabled him to do the Father's will under heavier sorrow than it was ever yet our lot to

bear. We can go in spirit with those who would honor him to-day at the table of the holy Supper. How we wish that a still larger number might be there, laying hold upon so powerful and pure and effective a means of self-awakening and elevation as this! Truly, we hope the multitude will yet be converted, and come under the blessed influence of social church communion with the Saviour, and with the gracious Father. I pray that truly reviving thoughts may abide with you this day; that the exercise of spirit that shall come to you may leave you strong in faith, in hope, in love. I feel sure that your belief is so grounded in right principles, and a true appreciation of gospel doctrines, that it must yield you support and comfort on your sick-bed.

"It is the day of the annual meeting of the Sabbath-school, when the officers are elected, and the superintendent presents his report. You cannot be present with the school, and with your precious class, bodily, but I know you will be in spirit. I believe a good influence will overshadow those young scholars, — an influence having its birth and growth and strength in the relation that has existed between you and them. They all strongly desire to enjoy again your faithful instructions. They will all think of you to-day, I doubt not. Many in the school will, and kindred hearts will offer silent prayers for your restoration and joy and peace."

On another Sabbath, absent from her Worcester home, and deprived of the privilege of attending public worship, she thus freely discourses to this same loved sister and friend: —

"In this quiet paternal home, on this holy Sabbath-day, my thoughts are ranging abroad among dear absent ones, and my spirit holds sweetest communion with loved friends. Among these, you have had a prominent place to-day. I long to look in upon your quiet home again, — that home where you have so much, in the harmonious life which you and yours enjoy, to be thankful for; for it is not *place* that makes home happy; that *I* know, and many have lived to learn. The palace, without the feeling heart, virtuous affection, conscious purity and honesty of purpose, is a dismal retreat. The humblest home where all these dwell, and where rests the beautiful spirit of patient submission, is more to Him who surveys all things from on high, and to his children who eschew earthly glitter, than any splendor man can display, or monument of wealth he can rear. I do not mean to preach; but the Spirit said, 'Write,' and I must write. What a blessing is it that memory so far supplies the presence of friends who are separated as to make us see them, hear them, move with them, in places of mutual interest! I

have seen you all in church to-day, have heard the hymn, the chant, the prayer, the sermon; have bowed in spirit with such as I knew were afflicted; have rejoiced with such as I thought received a new portion of meat in due season. And in such blessed recollections have I been passing the day."

As time passed on, during her residence in Worcester, she became more and more deeply interested in the religious prosperity of the church with which she was connected, and welcomed with gladness every new evidence of its advancement in spiritual life. The public dedication of children and youth by the pastor, the additions of new members to the church, and new voices and new testimonies given in the conference and prayer meetings, were events which afforded her peculiar gratification, and made her heart specially thankful. The conference-meeting was to her a sacred and happy occasion. She desired freedom in it, and was one of the increasing number of those who believe that the voice of woman may be rightfully and profitably heard there, pleading for God and humanity, and for inward growth in the

divine life. Reserved, and disinclined to make herself in the least conspicuous in such meetings, she conscientiously believed in the right and propriety of this agency in seeking to render them impressive and successful. During a temporary absence with some of her family from home, she writes to one there who could appreciate her words, —

"How glad we were to hear of your good meetings! My husband and I were with you; but we could not hear the speaking. Will the sisters raise their voices a little the next time? Did you ever think of asking Sister —— to pray in some of the meetings? It seems to me that she is often filled with the Holy Spirit; and I feel as if she could pray or exhort to excellent acceptance, and certainly to our profit. In our conferences, I want an inflowing of the Holy Spirit; and then I want it outspoken from the soul of him that receives the unction from on high. I want no hard striving to find something to say, but an inward pressure of holy emotions that must find utterance."

As we have said, she had no desire to speak in public; but she believed that there were others of

the women of our churches who could and who ought to employ their powers of speech in meetings for social religious worship and improvement. She was a worker, and desired to have all the agencies that could be rightfully employed engaged in the advancement of the Christian cause.

There were seasons of bodily debility, in which our sister keenly felt the pressure of duties upon her. Writing on one occasion to a friend, she thus humorously enumerates certain items of home work which were then making urgent calls upon her: —

"Let us see: a dressing-gown to be made immediately; the little boy's cloak cloth lies near, ready to be cut and made; a sack to be prepared for me; two sets of flannels; and then the little boy has none; neither has he just now a suitable change of dresses. Jacket and pants are needed for another; quilts, comforters, towels, etc., etc., ought to be made; and how much other work is laid away where I cannot see it! And then, is not my time my own, so that I can make for and visit the poor, and attend to other pleasant calls away from home? After all this, why may I not have leisure to write letters and story-books and contributions for the children's paper?"

We are not aware of any impropriety in thus presenting one phase of the life of a pastor's wife at home. It is but a just representation of other lives of those who would be numbered among the Lord's faithful, in this sacred relation. It is well to have them duly remembered.

Again she writes, —

"I shall never drive business any more. I have turned that corner, and left it out of sight. Henceforth, I am, to all intents and purposes, 'a slow coach.' I draw comfort, however, from considering the poor snail. He moves slow, but *he moves*. He accomplishes his journey and his work; and by the blessing of God, I shall mine, in due time."

In the springtime of 1857, being on a visit to Malden, she enjoyed one occasion which gave her great pleasure. It was that of meeting, in her old home-church, and worshipping with, the three wives of other pastors of this same parish, who, by means of an interested friend, were thus brought together on that day. These other persons were Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Livermore, and Mrs.

Brooks. The subjoined account of the meeting is thus given in the "Christian Freeman:"—

"Their entrance together into the church occasioned quite a sensation in the assembly. At the close of the morning services, this august sisterhood of pastors' wives enjoyed a happy mutual greeting; and so was the greeting enthusiastic between them and all the people who were able to approach them. They visited the Sunday-school, where Mrs. C. addressed the children and teachers, making allusion to the great change since her connection with the school at its original formation, and through a series of its early years.

"In the afternoon there was realized a peculiar season of satisfaction and joy. The large church was well filled; a glow of sympathetic feeling pervaded the congregation. Brother Brooks, the pastor, caught the inspiration, and in true soul-eloquence, delivered a discourse appropriate to the occasion. The fire of his spirit fused all hearts, and 'this was none other than the house of God, and this was the gate of heaven.' To the few remaining old members of the society, it was truly an antepast of the joys immortal."

An interested friend, who was afterward informed of this meeting, addressed the following

note to Mrs. Cobb, the eldest of this happy band of pastors' wives: —

"I have heard, my good sister, of that very agreeable occasion of the meeting of the Malden pastors' wives last Sabbath. The recital of it has deeply moved me. It was an event of rare occurrence, and I can only imagine, but not describe, some of the joys of the day there. Meditating upon them just now, I found myself inditing the following hymn, just as though I had been present in the church that morning, and had repeated it to myself. I dedicate it to the ministers' wives who were so happy together that day, and send it to you.

'SONG OF CHRISTIAN WELCOME.

'Welcome to this worship-dome!
Welcome to this Sabbath-home!
Chosen, faithful of the Lord,
Gathered here with one accord.

'Helpers of the pastor's life,
In his watching, toil, and strife;
Who hath higher right than ye
In this holy place to be?

'Welcome to these walls to-day,
Where the gospel light-beams play,
Where the past and present blend
In new pleasure God doth send!

son.

'Hallowed memories — how they throng,
As the prayer goes up, and song!
Youthful pulses quicker move;
Age enjoys the feast of love.

'Now the preacher's right words come;
God and Christ and Heaven and Home;
Chosen themes for this glad hour,
Uttered in love's melting power.

'Sacred season! few below
Like this doth the Sabbath know;
Green spots in earth's pilgrim way;
Blessings on *this* Sabbath-day!'"

The last years of her life in Worcester were happily spent. There was a constant willingness of spirit to make the most of her time and opportunities, however unwilling or languid her bodily powers might be. A friend, about these days, humorously writes of her, "We hope to see Mary here, when she gets done doing for others. If the other side of life's river should be much like this, she would hardly know what to do with herself. There might be quite too much individuality — too much of self there — to suit her benevolent expectations. If the heathen mythology were true, she would want to aid Charon in rowing across

the Styx, and would, on landing, no doubt, inquire of him where she should look for the 'sewing-circle'! God's blessings upon her!"

Amidst all these temporal interests, she did not lose sight of those higher aims to which her faith was constantly calling her. She sought inward renewal and growth for herself; she was ever in readiness to aid others in this heavenly work. In a letter to a very dear young friend who had signified her intention to connect herself with the church, she writes,—

"When you were away from us, and I experienced the chill which our hearts feel when the world gains a devotee, and the Saviour loses one, I would say to myself, 'We must keep F—— for the Saviour. She must sit at Jesus' feet, and I must tell her how much I wish it may be so, before she leaves us.' Untoward circumstances prevented me from saying it; and how singular! Your very first letter spontaneously draws out the very idea from me! Judge of my joy to know that you had taken upon you the vows of discipleship. May the Father give you grace equal to all trials, that you may preserve yourself unblemished in your integrity! You have the prayers

of those who love you here, that you may stand, a burning and shining light. I have no fears that you will tire of your Saviour, when once you have learned to love him. There is happiness in the pursuit of truth and duty."

With another young friend, who had been very dear to her from early life, she thus pleads in earnestness as to her spiritual course: —

"Now, L——, I believe you are truly awakened. Slumber not again until Christ is formed in your heart, and you feel that he will abide with you. He is strong and mighty to save; and when you feel weak, throw yourself upon his compassion, and place yourself under the shadow of his love. When you feel overwhelmed by the untowardness of the world, resort to the throne of the Father, and pray for grace and mercy. When the cares of the world seem to threaten to turn you from the great purpose of your soul, turn to Jesus, whose yoke is easy, whose burden is light. Leave all, and follow him.

"Your intellect is capable of understanding and appreciating our grand faith from the Bible, if you make it your study. Your goodness of heart and sanguine sympathies are equal to an exemplification of this faith in an outward exhibition of its inward power, if by prayer

and the grace of God you resolve to cherish the Holy Spirit in your heart. Why, then, should you not come forth and avow your determination to accept such means as may be presented you for the accomplishment of your own salvation? Why may not believers greet you as an example of the power of our faith to interest the young, and call them to Jesus? and why may not opponents see in you an example of the purest piety even among those whom they choose to call outcasts? Think of these things, my dear L——. You shall have our prayers that you may not fail in this work."

Her heart could not restrain its desire to go out after the youthful ones to whom she might have access by speech or pen. This brief admonitory communication from her hand appears in the Sabbath-school paper of May, 1858. It indicates her real appreciation of the internal beauty and worth of the individual in contrast with that love of dress and display with which too many of our youthful ones are led astray. It is entitled "A Letter to the Girls."

"Dear Girls, — One Sunday morning, while the people were assembling for worship in the churches, I sat down

to see some of them pass. After every one who seemed to be bound for church had gone along, there came down three girls like yourselves, and I was pained to see them wholly absorbed in what they wore. The sun-shade of one, the bonnet of the other, the shawl of the third, the gloves, the artificial flowers, the spring circular, all were examined, and to me it appeared as if no one good and serious thought of God, of worship, of prayer, of penitence, or any interest akin to these had entered their minds. They were so entirely filled with thoughts of their dresses that they did not seem to heed the striking of the clock at eleven, or to know that they were late; and they were still some distance from any of the churches.

"Then I thought how sad it was that those girls were so in love with fine clothes. If they had met our Saviour on the way, would he have looked to see what mantle, what robe, what shoes, they wore? He would have looked in vain for the robe of righteousness, or for the garment of praise or salvation. If Jesus were here, I fear he would weep because the daughters of Christian people 'are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks, trifling eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet' (Isa.), a display of their ornaments.

"The prayerful, serious mind, the pure heart, the forgiv-

ing and peaceful spirit, humility, love, and meek and contented disposition, are of far greater worth to our young women than jewelry, silks, laces, or fashionable flummery. How becoming to a young woman are the Christian graces! What sets off beauty of person more than the graces of the Spirit? What adds more to a comely face than gentleness, goodness, religious principle? I tell you, nothing. The adornments of the person with feathers, flowers, laces, and ribbons, is not to be named as *an adornment* when compared to those acquirements that beautify a young woman's soul.

"Are not our young people as willing-hearted as the sons and daughters of the Hebrews to make sacrifices for their God and his truth? The wise-hearted among these ancient ones wrought with their hands, and the willing hearts contributed their 'bracelets, their ear-rings, their finger-rings, their tablets.' Then were they most adorned, because inwardly beautified by works of holiness and devotion. Let us each do what we can, that our young women may love perishable adornings less, and be more ready to be clothed upon, and rejoice as the faithful did in the prophet's day, saying, 'My soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as

a bride adorneth herself with jewels,' — that they may be ready to follow the apostle's direction on this subject: 'whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing gold, or of putting on of apparel. But let it be the hidden man of the heart, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price.'"

The year 1858 will long be remembered by many for the religious awakening which seemed to spread everywhere over our land. It pervaded all the churches. It was confined to no particular sects, and really gave many evidences of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. "Revivalists" by profession, with their planned and artificial means, found but little if any employment in it. The work was deeper down than they could reach: and many hearts were blest with a share in it.

The church in Worcester, with which Mrs. Adams was connected, was an early participator in this work. It began there before it manifested itself in most of the other churches. It was a manifestation which she welcomed with all the

earnestness of a living Christian spirit. She thus writes of it, in a letter to a much-loved friend, under date May 8, 1858: —

"We are having *a revival* here, of just such an interest as it becomes Universalists to have. Oh that the washing of regeneration and the Holy Spirit itself may make it as pure and sincere and effectual in the lives of the disciples as the Lord himself could desire!

"I cannot tell you the happiness I feel in view of such a state of things. I have longed for it, wept for it, prayed for it, and well-nigh despaired, but have lived to see what I have thus sought, — a society growing in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, inquiring, striving, seeking, asking, knocking, and taking their places at the Master's table, humbly praying that the church may encourage, admonish, and aid them as they may need, that we may all walk together as followers of the great Redeemer.

"Perhaps you heard before you left us of the little quiet meeting held once a week for inquiry on topics relative to the religious life. The band is called the 'Home Circle,' composed at first of twelve persons. They meet on Thursday evenings, at the houses of the members, and the host invites in such friends or neighbors as he may

desire to. They move on steadily, calling in new hearers every time, and, as a natural result, interesting them in spiritual matters. Eleven, thus awakened, joined the church last Sabbath. Now isn't that the slow and sure and true way to have a revival go on? 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!'

"The world knows nothing of all this, and worldly considerations cannot move the participants in their proceedings. I hope and I believe that the Son himself, indeed, shall dwell in the midst of us. Probably eight or ten more will join at the next communion season. Several were nearly decided to do so, but chose to wait. Those who joined did so by signing a written memorial addressed to the church, which was read in public, and which, taken with the presence of one of our most aged friends (now more than eighty), made the service exceedingly impressive. A hushed and weeping audience told how deeply the services were affecting all present.

"The daily morning prayer-meetings, held in these times in common with the other sects, helped our young men along. Each one, in turn, conducted the meeting of the day. The conferences are still interesting, and fully attended."

Among the biographies of the wise and good

which Mrs. Adams had the opportunity to read in these years, that of Mrs. Mary L. Ware gave her great pleasure. There are passages in the volume, marked by her hand, which show how truly the reader appreciated the life that was thus passing before her on these living pages. It was an admiration such as one pure-souled woman has of another, who has in faith and love gone "up higher," leaving her pathway illumined with the light that came from her daily earthly toil, and heavenly trust and prayer.

During her residence in Worcester, she had occasional opportunities, notwithstanding her many calls to diligence, of enjoying those interviews with nature such as the hills and groves and fields in the vicinity of this beautiful city afforded her. An afternoon ramble with children, a day in the woods, a dinner with a company of friends in some shady nook, or a tea-party of a few loved ones in the edge of some woody opening upon a golden sunset scene, were enjoyments well suited to her tastes; and the occasional and happy indulgence in them with her will long be remembered by surviving friends.

In the autumn of 1859, the health of Mrs. Adams gave evidence of more than usual feebleness, and in December she had an attack of pneumonia. It left her weak, so that she was unable afterward to resume her usual duties in the home. She had hope, at times, of temporary relief or restoration, but was still prepared for the reverse of this, if it should come in the order of God's providence. If her work upon the earth was done, no one could be more in readiness than she to hear the next expression of the Father's will.

In June, 1860, her husband, in acceptance of a call to become the pastor of the Second Universalist Society in Providence, R. I., removed to that city. During the removal, Mrs. Adams was on a visit to her sisters in Malden, and in July was able to come, by the usual public conveyance, to join her family in their new home. She could not leave Worcester, however, without great heaviness of heart, so strong were her attachments to many dear friends there, and so harmonious had been their intercourse. Her last letters from her home in that city evince this attachment. But in her

readiness to follow wherever duty seemed to call, she was prepared to adopt the sweet language of Madame Guyon: —

"While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay."

LAST DAYS IN PROVIDENCE.

"Finish thy work, then sit thee down
On some celestial hill,
And of its strength-reviving air
Take thou thy fill!

"Give thanks to Him who held thee up
In all thy path below,
Who made thee faithful unto death,
And crowns thee now." — ANON.

AMONG her communications by letter, made just before leaving Worcester, we find one written in pencil, and in her illness, but in much earnestness in reference to the Christian duty of the young friend she addresses. She says, —

"I wish I could *pen* my letter. I am too tired; yet I desire to say that I sympathize with you sincerely in the present struggle that agitates your mind. To me you seem to have gone as far as you can go, without you can take a view of the matter from another point. You are at the very gate of the church. You have been seriously exercised in mind on the subject, and understand clearly the design of the institution, its influence, its blessedness

as a Christian privilege. You have done what you could in the way over which you have gone. The gate is opened to you. You do not enter. You are not worthy, as you may think. *Where* will you go? Will you turn back? Can you profit by again travelling the perplexing way? Do you see any advantage to be gained by waiting at the very threshold of the church, deeming yourself unworthy to enter?

"You are not perfect! None of us are. The apostles, whom Jesus chose to be his immediate followers, were not. Jesus knew that. Some dishonored him. He said not, 'Go back!' but rather, 'He that taketh not his cross and *followeth after me* is not worthy of me!' I wonder, my dear friend, that the blessed privilege does not sometimes speak to you in these words, '*This do* in remembrance of me.' *I* see no difficulty; but you seem to regard the form as an *ultimatum*, — when you shall be without sin! whereas, it is proper to regard it as an available means of grace, or incentive for all sincere lovers of Jesus to go forward in righteousness, walking with him. If these few thoughts could help you to more light, or reflect what you have gained by a new refraction, how happy I should feel!"

On her coming to Providence, unable as she was to endure the excitement of meeting the new

friends who were in readiness to welcome her, it was deemed expedient for her to be kept in quiet, and as free from company as possible. A worthy and faithful friend had charge of her family affairs. During the summer and autumnal months, she was able to take short rides, and to have brief interviews with near relatives and friends. But she was aware that her days with us were few, and made her arrangements accordingly, with an increase, if possible, of that firmness and composure which had so marked her character in the many trials and tests of her faith in the past. Although with the anxiety of a wife and mother still holding her, she daily waited, patiently and trustingly, for the Lord.

One of her last letters to a beloved sister and friend in Worcester, written with pencil, in a trembling and irregular hand, is an affectionate exhortation to duty, — the utterance of a heart still anxious for the growth and prosperity of the Christian cause, still zealous to enlist others in it. She was to the last desirous that the church and society with whom she had wrought, and to whose welfare

163941

she had been so sincerely devoted, should continue faithful; that each member should "be steadfast, and abounding in the work of the Lord." "I may never write you again on your religious duty; so you will take all kindly; will you not? Universalism needs the devoted work of every individual in the land who claims to be its friend." This seemed to be one of the anxieties of her life, — that the gospel, as she believed it, should be appreciated by its professed friends; that they should understand its demands upon them, and remember what they owed to the world with such a treasure as this in hand. Fully committed herself to it, fully persuaded of its pre-eminent value, she would have others see it with the same clearness of vision. This was *her last anxiety*, next to that respecting the loved ones of her own home, — a blessed bequest to us who remain.

In the summer of 1860, a very dear friend of Mrs. Adams, a wife and mother, was called to the spirit world. During her last days, she was exceedingly anxious in behalf of a beloved daughter, whom she must leave motherless at a time of life

when a faithful maternal guardianship was most needed by her. Not long after this friend's departure, an expression of her anxiety for the surviving child was found among her papers. Some of the thoughts as thus recorded we here transcribe: —

"Who will be a mother to my dear child? I cannot give up all anxiety on her account. I would still interpose my feeble strength between her and the rough storm of life. It is all so sad to me! Oh, could I teach her with my experience! Who will fulfil a mother's duties? There is one friend in whose judgment and kindness I have perfect confidence, could she feel to assume the care, — Mrs. Adams, wise and excellent friend! I could leave my child with her in the belief that she would fit her to rightly fulfil her earthly duties, and be prepared to meet me in heaven. Will she take her? Heaven decide for the best good of my child!"

The dear mother who thus poured out her heart in affectionate earnestness for that loved one, knew not how nearly together would be the entrance of this friend, whose guardian aid she sought, and that of her own into the realm where earthly cares and anxieties have an end.

The invalid had come to a new home; but she could form but a few new acquaintances in Providence. Her earthly sphere was narrowing, while a new and grander one was about to open upon her. She was alive to both realities. Although prudence restricted her intercourse with friends, she was able from time to time to enjoy short rides out of the city, and take pleasant views of the scenery, especially that which presented itself on the sides of the beautiful river and bay that extend from Providence harbor to Newport and the sea. These were her last interviews with that outward world upon which from her childhood she had so delighted to gaze, and which, as the handiwork of the God she loved, had so often inspired and instructed her.

And so as the outward began to recede, the inward view opened. Cheering glimpses of the spiritual realm had she enjoyed in the past, and now her vision was becoming more distinct and expanded. This home-land she was nearing seemed to assume the aspect of a heavenly reality. She had lived in thoughts and expectations of it, and

had strengthened other hearts in their faith in the "many mansions," because this faith was deeply seated in her own. She regarded as eminently truthful the affirmations of the word that, as we turn our eyes away from the things seen and temporal, we may all the more readily and effectively realize the things that are unseen and eternal. Such was the clearness of her spiritual vision. It was not an impulsive or rapturous enjoyment. It was calm, steady, deep; daily strengthening, elevating, and sustaining her. It was the serenity of Christian faith. While the earth-shadows were about her, she could not be insensible to them. What of strength remained to her, she employed in expressed wishes respecting her family interests, when she should no longer have charge of them. Anxiety for the dear ones she was to leave would often come to that pillow where she lay in prayerful and meek waiting for the Lord. But all this hindered not that inflow of heavenly light which cheered her unto the end. Verily the sweet words of the poet seem expressive of her soul's healthfulness, receptiveness, and trust: —

"And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day,"—

"the day," indeed, to her, of God's presence and love and peace!

Time was passing, and the event we were fearing was at hand. The day of our annual Thanksgiving came, and she was just able to take her seat with us at the table. "Once more!" were her low but emphatic words, as the repast was ended. At her request, we then assisted her to the piano, that she might again touch its keys. She selected a hymn entitled "Universal Praise," commencing with the verse, —

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures."

It was her last effort of the kind. As a friend has so well expressed it, "This was the closing hymn before the benediction. She quietly returned to her bed, and ere many days had passed, another

song was hers, and angels welcomed another spirit to the heavenly choir."

She left us suddenly at last. We knew her feebleness, but still were fondly promising ourselves that she might possibly continue with us a few weeks more. This the good Father had not willed. Through the last week of her continuance, she had experienced at times much difficulty in raising from the lungs. Saturday came (December 8th), and with it an increase of these exhausting efforts. I had been absent on some parochial duties a part of the afternoon. On my return, she expressed her satisfaction. In early evening, the children took their leave of her. After the bed was adjusted for the night, she was quiet, and we conversed a little together. Soon her breathing again became difficult. "If I am to have another such struggle as the last one," she said, "I pray the Lord to help me." She was raised up, but had not strength to rally, with all the efforts we could make for her. In a short time, the strife was over, — the breathing had ceased; her prayer was answered. The Lord had helped her to pass

quietly from our presence; the loved one was at rest.

And so closed, with us, the last week of her earthly life. The Sabbath morning found a bereaved and sorrowing family; but the golden sunrays that came in upon us were indicative of that purer and brighter light into which her freed spirit had been welcomed. "The vestibule of death" had indeed become "the gateway of coronation." It was the first Sabbath of the loved one on the other side of this life-line — among the immortals! A more sacred Sabbath had never come to our home. Her still form was resting with us, and her face seemed to wear its wonted sweetness and serenity. Our Sabbath services were mostly in the deep meditations of subdued hearts that day. A ministering friend (Rev. G. W. Quinby), who was on exchange with Rev. C. H. Fay of the First Society, kindly officiated at our church in the afternoon. He called upon us, and spoke comforting words, prompted by a similar experience of his own.

The funeral took place at our home on Wednes-

day, the 12th. A large number came, and all seemed to be mourners. Beside relatives, friends from Boston, Malden, and Worcester were present. The services were highly appropriate and acceptable. The choir sung select hymns, an affecting address was made by Rev. J. Boyden, and an earnest prayer offered by Rev. C. H. Fay. Then we placed her in the quiet home of the dead, saying in heart, "Farewell, precious dust! hail, risen spirit! 'The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance!'"

TESTIMONIALS.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." — APOCALYPSE.

AMONG the testimonials of esteemed friends, called forth by the death of Mrs. Adams, we deem it proper to subjoin a few which seem to us worthy of a place in connection with what we have already written respecting her life and character.

The pastor of her youth, Rev. Dr. Cobb, thus speaks, in a notice of her departure, in the "Christian Freeman:" —

"When we commenced our pastoral charge in Malden, in the spring of 1828, Mary H. Barrett was a little girl of about twelve years. Though her father was wealthy, and her companions were of the first class of society socially, she was ever modest and affable in her manners toward all. There was a combination of intellectuality and benevolence in her expression, and her highest concern was the enriching and the adornment of the mind. When we organized a Sunday-school in our parish, in June, 1832, which was one of the first in our denomina-

tion, Mary, then but about sixteen years old, entered heartily and efficiently into the work, became a teacher, and rendered us assistance which we gratefully appreciated, as young people had not then become enlisted in the work as now. There was soon organized a Bible-class, which met at the parsonage house on an evening each week, and Mary was a member and always present at the meetings, and intent on understanding the Scriptures. About the same time, she, with a younger sister and a few of her young friends, became members of our church, and her enlightened and ever-glowing spirit of devotion added to the spiritual interest of the communion, and other services of that institution. Her intellectual and spiritual elevation, her noble womanly exhibition of the Christian faith which blessed her life, and her consequent high social influence for good, were often subject matter of conversation in our family. And when, after our removal from Malden, we heard of her marriage with our young and esteemed successor in that parish, Brother Adams, we were glad that she was to occupy a position in which her sphere of usefulness would be enlarged, and her Christian influence be shed abroad over so many other minds.

"As wife and mother, and as a pastor's companion, too, she has been no less competent and faithful to the high

responsibilities of these higher relations than she was to those of her younger years. 'She opened her mouth in wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness.'"

From an obituary notice which appeared in the "Star in the West" (Cincinnati, Ohio), from the pen of its editor, Rev. H. R. Nye, we copy the following: —

"Our acquaintance with Mary Hall Barrett began some twenty years ago, before she was united in marriage to the beloved brother who now in bereavement and desolation weeps her loss; we were with her to look upon her pale, but serene and beautiful, face in her marriage-hour; she gave us strength and courage and hope, by her encouraging words and her lofty faith, in the commencement of our ministerial work; in her presence and home we have passed many of the most blessed hours and days of our life; for her we have cherished the purest and holiest affection as a sister and friend, and no words which the pen can write can reveal the emotions experienced, or the sorrow of the heart, when we first learned that she had gone to her rest. Invalid as she was, she devoted herself with wonderful patience and great practical skill to her household duties and cares, and employed all her energy and tact in the training of the children God had given

her. A devoted Christian woman, possessed of gifts which qualified her to fill with honor and usefulness the sphere in which she was called to act, — in the choir, the Sunday-school, and church, — to the extent that her strength would permit, she ever evinced her constancy and zeal, and her name and memory will be held in grateful remembrance in all the churches where her husband has passed his ministerial life. Mrs. Adams was a woman of well-disciplined mind, of extensive reading, of more than ordinary intellectual gifts, and with better health, and differently circumstanced in life, we are confident would have occupied an honorable rank among the female writers of our church and land. But it was in her home that the beauty of her life was seen. A woman of delif cate tastes and quick intuitions and quiet habits, she shrunk from too much contact with the world, and gave herself with a rare, self-sacrificing spirit to the duties of the family circle. She lived a life of purity, fidelity, and charity, and died, we doubt not, as she lived, in perfect peace with God and the world. For her we are sure the grave had no terror and death no sting; and that hour, so dark and fearful to the timid and doubting, must have been to her the blessed hour of release and triumph, bright with the radiance and splendor of the Christian's hope."

Rev. H. C. Leonard, of Waterville, Me. (since chaplain in our army), also writes, —

"Our sister and friend, Mrs. Adams, has passed onward to the home of eternal peace. The 8th of the present month was her latest day on earth. Thus they go, one after another, the saintly ones to whom we have oftenest turned in our thought as the purest and fairest daughters of our communion. How much are we indebted to them for what they have disclosed of the benign power of our faith in lives of singular beauty! How many souls believe that they are loftier, better, and happier than they had been, because they have lived in the same day with these angels of our branch of the Christian church! Their names now are almost too sacred to repeat. She whose name stands at the head of this article is one of the number. Many years she has seemed as much an inhabitant of heaven as of this world. We are not too apt to discern on the human face the reflection of that light which illumines the world to come. On hers we saw it without an imaginative eye. And to our vision it was all the more clear, because, while wearing it, she was faithful to all her cares and trusts on earth. It is not for us to say what we might of what we have seen of her life within the pale of her own home. Our recollections

of that life there are of sanctitude that we will not attempt to portray with our poor words. Mary, that most beautiful of the Hebrew names, will have still another association to make it a charm to our eye and ear; namely, the life of another Christian woman."

Her esteemed friend, Mrs. E. A. Bacon (now Mrs. Lathrop), then editress of the "Ladies' Repository," thus tenderly refers to her departure:

"Painful is it for us to record the recent departure of one very dear to us, — Mrs. Mary H. Adams. Ever since her marriage with our friend and brother, we have known her intimately, and have corresponded with her frequently. The last of that correspondence, that her dear, trembling fingers wrote to encourage us a few weeks ago, is lying beside us now, and memory is busy calling over the beautiful records of her quiet Christian life. She was a minister's wife in the truest sense of the term, and was worthy to be a pattern and a guide. Many times have we thought to ourself, when trying to do our best in that peculiar office, how would Mary have acted here? What would she do in this dilemma? What words would she speak at this time? And though she never knew it, for her sweet humility kept us silent upon the subject, we now write it as her memorial.

"A brief notice cannot do justice to a life like hers. We have a pile of her written letters that reveal the sanctity of her inner life, and our own words are but poor interpreters of what she was. Frail and feeble through all her days, yet few have been more faithful to the duties of a wife and mother. Ah, how her heart clung to those dear children who were the life of her life, and if

'The spirits in bliss
Do bow their bright wings
To a world such as this,'

hers will rest over and protect that little band. Outside that home are a large circle who will weep for Mary, — weep that they shall touch her living hand no more, that no more her soul-lit eyes will look with tender sympathy into theirs. But with this grief is a joy that rest has come to the sufferer. Our friend sleeps. He giveth His beloved sleep."

A friend and brother, connected with her by marriage, writes from Malden to the "Christian Freeman," —

"Last Sabbath morning, our minister, Rev. Mr. Greenwood, preached a very appropriate sermon suggested by the recent death of Mrs. Adams. Although the speaker had never an intimate personal acquaintance with the de-

ceased, he had learned from others of her many virtues and exemplary Christian life. He remarked in the course of the sermon that he had never in all his ministerial experience known so much of one of whom he had known so little. This brief but comprehensive statement was to me an eloquent sermon in itself."

The same friend, in another communication, makes this record: —

"While we mourn, we yet rejoice that such a life has been given to us. It is not a life made great by splendid achievements or heroic deeds, but great in its simple beauty, for its calm and regular discharge of the little duties of life, for the golden thread of virtuous endeavor which glistened in the shades of home and the privacy of retirement, which could do right for its own sake, which needed not the glare of public life, but in all circumstances, and under all conditions, was inspired by a faith ever ready for exertion or sacrifice."

Rev. A. D. Mayo, whose departed companion was also a dearly-cherished friend of Mrs. Adams, thus writes: —

"I remember your worthy wife with great interest. She was one of those rare women who seem to be born to

illustrate the beauty of our faith. I never knew a more truly religious body of women than that little band that clustered about Sarah. One by one they are going to take their places in the better society of heaven. I am glad that you propose to add another biography to those of Sarah, Mrs. Scott, and Charlotte. Mrs. Case, in like manner, should be put into a memoir, for the benefit of our young women."

Says Rev. T. H. Miller, of Portsmouth, N. H., in a letter to the writer,—

"A single visit from Mary with you, at my home, made her an intimate friend, whose active kindness and earnest sympathy were shown to me and mine during all her remaining years on earth; and it is to me a pleasing thought that she is now one of the great 'cloud of witnesses' by whom we are surrounded, and who watch over our faith in the blissful life which they enjoy.

"My many visits at your home in Malden gave me an insight into the home-life of one of the purest and noblest spirits. Our conversations never tired, and were never finished, — only broken off, with mutual desire that they might be renewed, as we trust they will be, in the future life. Her powers of conversation were remarkably fine. Out of the abundance of her heart her mouth spake words

of kindness and pity, wisdom and truth. And being earnest in all she said, her actions corresponded with her speech, so that the law of kindness was plainly written all over her words and deeds. Industry and order, quiet and energy, were felt rather than seen to be the atmosphere of her household, in which every worthy guest might breathe freely, and enjoy mental and moral health and life.

"As a Christian, her views were clear, and her vision large. No bigotry dwelt there upon little dark spots in any one's creed or life; but faith in God and hope for man were the building she placed on the Rock, Christ Jesus; and having these, she added appropriate works most naturally and constantly.

"The pleasure which I take in remembering and saying these things is shaded by the thought that she is not here, and then enlivened again by the thought that we shall go to her, though she will not return to us. We are passing on; she is only gone a little before us."

From the timely and appropriate discourse delivered in the church in Providence, on the Sabbath after the funeral, by Rev. C. H. Fay, we make the subjoined extracts. The words of the text were those of Jesus, spoken in the home of

the sisters in Bethany: "Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." Luke x. 42.

"*Why* did Mary place herself at Jesus' feet? What good did she seek? Did she ask for glittering wealth? Oh, no; for she knew that their guest was poorer than the foxes of the earth, or the birds of the air. Did she look for worldly honors? No, not for these; for she was aware that he in whose presence she sat was despised and rejected of men. She craved no earthly good. She sought at his hands nothing that would minister to her temporal needs. She was profoundly impressed with a sense of her spiritual necessities, and she sought for a supply such as earth cannot furnish.

. . . . . .

"Strength of character may be named among the fruits of the Christian's better part. We may infer this from the fact that strength is usually allied with health and soundness. But it is easy to see that it is a natural production. When is a human soul weak? Is it not when it feels the presence of no omnipotent truth, and when its powers are braced by no eternal principles? What makes a human soul strong? The consciousness that it rests upon truth's everlasting rock, and that it enjoys the inspiration of immutable principles of right

and justice. And who can teach these fundamental truths? Who is able to impart to the soul these strengthening principles? *Who but the Son of God?* Whoever sits, like Mary, at his feet, to learn of him, will become strong in his divine strength; a character based upon, and braced by, his instructions becomes one of the mightiest forces on earth. It is stronger than any temptation, greater than any difficulty that obstructs its course, equal to any emergency that may tax its powers, and superior to any trial it may be called to endure. Behold it making its perilous life-voyage! No calm overcomes its patience, no dangers surprise its watchful powers, no difficulties overtax them. Onward it moves, over untried waters, with more than a Columbus' assurance, riding with unfaltering confidence into the blackening tempest of affliction, making its way securely among the grinding icebergs of worldliness, and entering the night-wrapped haven at last, the stronger for the waves that have lashed it, and the storms that have buffeted it!

"There are still other fruits which grow out of that better part which the reverent sister of Bethany chose. We see them in the influence which a character, developed and strengthened by wisdom from above, exerts over others. It was wisely ordained that such characters

should act with power upon all others within their sphere. We rank them highest among the educators of our world. And has not God invested woman's nature with even a greater moulding power than he has given to man? Man's character may have grander proportions, perhaps, and, as measured by the outward sense, may seem the stronger. But it lacks too often that element of love whose warmth is needed to soften and make plastic the natures it acts upon. This love is the furnace in which the rude ore must be melted ere it can be cast in moulds of symmetry.

"How great is the transforming power of a loving Christian woman! Is she a wife? Her influence invests her companion like an atmosphere, toning his whole nature, tempering all his powers, and silently moulding his character. Is she a mother? Her children's characters are cast in the die of her own, and stamped with the seal of its authority. The power of this influence is not confined to the home. It diffuses itself through the social sphere in which she moves. Those at its centre feel it most; those at its circumference are not insensible to its silent workings. Ah, what precious fruits are these! God be praised that they are permitted to ripen in the homes and neighborhoods of earth.

. . . . . .

"And let us not forget that these fruits are *imperishable*. They will never decay and die. The riches which the soul receives from Christ, moth and rust cannot corrupt, cannot corrode; no enemy can wrench them from its grasp, and even death itself leaves them untouched and unharmed. The beautiful fabric of character which springs upward from the foundation of Christian truth and principle death cannot demolish; neither can it check its development. In the world above, the work of perfection will go on; new powers will be unfolded, and new beauties displayed. Brighter and brighter will it grow, even unto the perfect day. And the joy and peace which here attend such spiritual progress will not stop at the grave. Their bright streams will leap the dark abyss, and flow on in broader and deeper channels through all the future ages.

"And the forming influences of such a character will not be stopped in their work upon other natures when it ascends to a higher sphere. Oh, no! death has no power to stay the operations of these unseen forces. They are as immortal as the nature from whence they emanated. Sometimes death invests them, seemingly, with a higher power. Through death they have a resurrection. The memory of loved ones 'passed into the skies' exerts over us often a greater power than was ever exercised by their

personal presence. Oh, we deem the sun a wonderful luminary, because, placed so many millions of miles from our earth, it is able to hold it in its orbit, and to belt it at will with verdure and with snow. Mightier is the force of a Christian soul, shining unseen by mortal eye in the infinite heavens. Though invisible, its mysterious influences reach down from its 'sublime abode,' and hold in their fond embrace the objects of its love while they soften, refine, and spiritualize their natures, and thus prepare them for the higher companionship which awaits them in heaven. There is not a soul among heaven's shining immortals that is not represented in some part of this earthly vineyard, by its spiritual influences. We are made to feel through these influences the realities of heaven, though we see them not. Through these, also, come some of the heavenly visions we enjoy. Yes, these fruits of the better part are imperishable. *They can never be taken away from us.*

. . . . . .

"The Mary whose loss we mourn, like Mary of Bethany, chose, as we have seen, the better part, and its fruits abounded in her life and character.

"Though constitutionally weak in body, she possessed a well-toned and healthy spirit. The food she received while sitting at her Saviour's feet nourished continually

her spiritual life-forces; and through every vicissitude of her earthly existence she grew in truth and in grace. Planted upon the Rock, Christ Jesus, and stayed and braced by the eternal principles of the gospel, her spirit was a spirit of power. Thoroughly conscientious, — acting on the line of principle always, — her character was marked and positive. Devoted entirely to Christian aims and purposes, self-sacrificing, hopeful, trustful, she wrought many works which assure the world that she did not live in vain. That joy and peace were hers which the world can neither give nor take away. Their springs in her soul, fed from heavenly reservoirs, were perennial, and sometimes they overflowed the most when the world seemed most desolate and drear.

"Such a character is ever a centre of influence, working unseen, silently, but effectively, in other hearts, and producing therein most promising fruits. These fruits appear in the characters of the children who now mourn her departure. Their youthful natures have been tempered and directed, in their growth, by the forming power of the mother. Her seal is on their hearts, and she will long live in them. This influence my brother has felt, and for it he has been thankful. Too active and diffusive to be limited to the home, it has gone forth and wrought in a far wider sphere. All who have esteemed her as their

pastor's wife, — all, indeed, who enjoyed her friendship, have been profited by this influence. And let us rejoice that death has not checked its operations, but that it will long continue on its missions of good. The fruits of the 'good part' she chose, —

> 'The stainless memory of the just,
> The "wealth beyond the grave"' —

she will still enjoy. These cannot be taken away from her."

MOTHER AND HOME.

" Oh, say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs ! — with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountain of the new-born mind !
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world hath sown her tares ;
Nor in their toil decline, that angel bands
May put their sickles in, and reap for God,
And gather to his garner."

N the life which we have thus briefly contemplat-
two of the most precious names known to mor-
i are newly honored and sanctified, — MOTHER
HOME.

If the whole world," writes Lord Langdale,
ere put into one scale, and my mother into
other, the world would kick the beam." This
he right estimate, when a true and faithful
ther is to be set against the world's power.
) is the greater. So do the experiences of
at numbers of the human family declare.
ere is a divine ordination revealed in this fact.
e mother is nearest of earthly beings and pow-

ers to the child, — its guardian, helper, unchanging and unchangeable friend. No father, no other guardian, can take her place. Consequently, no influences that are brought to bear upon the minds and hearts of the "little ones" are like hers. In all after-life are these influences operating and abiding.

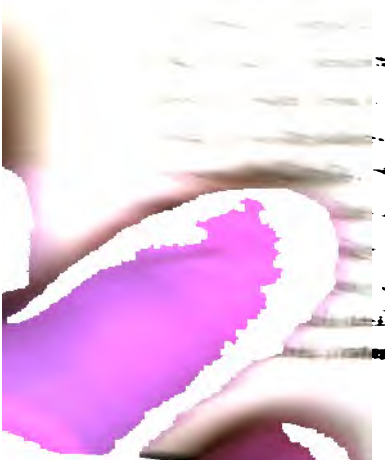
Seventy-five long years of the life of one of our eminent statesmen had passed; scenes political and national. the most exciting, had been witnessed by him; nearly fifty years had marked the resting-place of the Christian woman who gave him to the world; when upon his death-bed, as these time-views are becoming more and more dim to his vision, he is heard calling with earnestness that sacred name, "Mother!" He would invoke her presence and blessing in that awful hour. To how many hearts have the truthful and thrilling words of the poet spoken: —

"Tired of the hollow, the base, and untrue,
Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between, —
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,

Long I to-night for your presence again ;—
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep !"

The story of John Newton has been often told. The reckless young wanderer from home, his voyagings abroad, and his connection with the African slave-trade; the depths of guilt into which he sunk, and from which he was raised by means of influence received in early life from a Christian mother; his entrance upon the Christian life, and his work as a minister; the influence of his ministry, in bearings near or remote, upon Claudius Buchanan, Thomas Scott, Wilberforce, Leigh Richmond, and Adoniram Judson,— an influence springing from that one source in the unnoted home of that worthy mother, and diffusing at length such a measure of good into the world,—such is the account of the historian.

"A cloud of witnesses" present their testimonies in favor of this same vital, enduring, and regenerative power. Says Richard Winter Hamilton, "My mother's instructions are as deeply traced on the memory as her features, and as



cepts and examples of my mother;" — and Amos Lawrence: "My mind turns back to my dear and honored mother almost as frequently as its powers are brought into separate action, and always with an interest that animates and quickens my pulse; for, under God, it is by her good teachings that I am prepared to enjoy those blessings which he has so richly scattered in my path in all my onward progress in life."

These are but a few of the many instances pressing upon us, in confirmation of this truth of the mother's influence upon the lives and destinies of the children. The poet Savage, in extenuation of the moral failure of his own life, wrote, —

"No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer."

This told all. "I had no one to care for me when I was a boy," said a poor culprit, about to be executed; "and I never heard a prayer at home in my life." No sadder testimony than this can the world hear, and none better than these which follow it: "The prayers of my childhood," says Dr. Clark, "are yet precious to me,

and the simple hymns I sung when a child I still remember with delight." Of his mother, Bishop Griswold, in his autobiography, writes, "My case so far resembled that of Timothy that my mother's name was *Eunice*, and my grandmother's *Lois*, and that from both of them I received much early instruction. By their teachings, from a child I have known the Holy Scriptures, which were able (had I rightly used the knowledge) to make me wise unto salvation. To the care of my mother, especially, instilling into my tender mind sentiments of piety, with the knowledge of Christ and the duty of prayer, I was much indebted. Through life I have sinned much, and in everything have come short of what should have been my improvement from such advantages; yet through the Lord's merciful goodness, the fear of God, the love of his name, and a faith in Christ have never been wholly lost." Said a soldier of our Western army, "I am bound with a chain, and cannot swear. The bands of love bind me; the power of God through *mother* and *home* covers and shields me."

The early life of the one whom we would memorize in these pages was blest with the guidance and care of a watchful, faithful Christian mother. Here is a part of her own testimony on this subject, as she writes of the old family Bible in her possession: —

"It was my mother's; it was my father's; and it folds within its leaves the names of all my brothers and sisters. We were a happy family when, with this same Bible upon her lap, my gentle mother called us round her on each returning Sabbath eve, and taught us from its sacred pages. My father would sit in silent joy by the side of his faithful companion, with ten happy children before him, to hear our Scripture lessons recited, prompting us when we hesitated, encouraging when we failed. But my father's voice can no longer prompt, my blessed mother no longer teach us. They are gone, and two sons and two daughters are gone too.

'This leather-bound Bible, —
It taught them to live, yea, it taught them to die;
I stood by their death-bed when dim grew the eye,
And the pulse fluttered faint, yet, oh, how serene
They passed through the closing of life's busy scene!
Like the angels they mounted in spirit on high.
This leather-bound Bible well taught them to die.'

But here are four brothers and four sisters left, for we were twelve in all, and here is the old Bible, with its cover of plaid, and its precepts more precious than gold, with the self-same truths that our parents taught, unchanged. The sweet voice of my angel mother still seems to say, 'Son, daughter, take up the lesson where I laid it down, and teach your children as I taught you. Bind the truths to your heart forever. They are eternal.'"

And counsel like this was not lost upon the daughter. It was given to a heart in readiness to receive it. She knew, and ever felt, the value of such early instruction as she thus enjoyed, and would seek to confer upon her own family the invaluable blessings of a Christian home. For this she is to be honored, as all deserve to be who would make their contribution through good and virtuous homes to the welfare of the State, the nation, the race. There are no forces that bear more directly and vitally upon the condition of a people than these influences that come from the home. "Give us Christian homes," says a strong and discriminating writer, on the wants of our times, "and we will give you a happy country, a

good government, a prosperous and peaceful age, sure and rapid social progress, quiet, steady, enduring moral and religious reform. Give us Christian homes, and we will soon give you all for which philanthropists are laboring, and the masses groan, and the moral creation is travailing. But let the domestic altar be forsaken, let family discipline be neglected, let household government and order be disregarded, and we shall have a rotten commonwealth, a dissolute and disorderly people, a prevalence of social wrongs, a religious paralysis and death, in spite of all our legislation, all our preaching, all our philanthropic movements, and all our beautiful systems of popular education."

The faithful wife and mother of whom we write had this idea of home; and one of her chief anxieties was, to render her own home a helper and educator to all its members, — a school in which all could advance together in moral and spiritual culture; in which the strong should bear the infirmities of the weak, and

> "Each fulfil his part,
> With sympathizing heart,
> In all the cares of life and love."

In seeking to promote these vital interests of her family, she kept steadily in view, as prerequisite to this great end, the religious character of the home and the proper culture and discipline of the children. Her ideal of the true home was a very high one, however far below it she might deem herself, in her endeavors or accomplishments to reach it.

Her guide-book for the home was the Bible. What it had done for her, she would have it do for her children, — her home. In a communication to youthful readers once made through the press, she thus speaks of the preciousness of certain copies of this excellent counsellor, which she possessed: —

"First, then, there is the little one, the parting gift of a faithful maid-servant to the baby, when she gave him her last kiss. 'I have loved it,' said she, 'and learned it too; I hope he will do the same, and practise what he learns.' Years have passed, and the boy is no longer a babe. These years have borne the giver to a home in the distant West, but with us she has left a sacred memento.

"We have a Bible which a younger sister used as a

school-book. It bears her name in the stiff and precise handwriting of an old and respected teacher. I can tell little of its history, for we were pupils in separate schools. I know, however, that she has been a learner of the Bible, and hope that it was not used as a school-book alone, but that she regards it in later years as her text-book, on which she will found many sermons of her life,—her guide-book to the paths of peace and holiness, to the river of life, to the covert from the tempest, to the light that gleams through the valley of the shadow of death.

"We have the Bible of my oldest brother, a gift from his pious grandmother in the year 1816. It was his school-book then, and after he became a man he laid it not aside. It had its place in his trunk, when he sojourned in the stranger's home, and was read when he remembered the injunctions of his mother. When his days of absence from the homestead were over, and he came back to leave us no more, it had its place in his chamber. Early and late have I seen him studying its pages, and his life told how deeply its precepts were implanted in his heart. He had no other gods but GOD, bore no false witness, coveted no man's goods, gave liberally to the poor. He died in the fulness of joy which a knowledge of this blessed volume imparts.

"Another one has been the companion, the friend,

the study, of my husband for years. It was his guide and instructor in his preparations for the ministry, has furnished him with texts and thoughts since he entered it. When life has seemed dark, he has found light here; when perplexities surrounded him, he has by his Bible the true path; when friends have proved false, its teachings have brought peace and comfort; and when life itself shall close upon him, may its promises and doctrines bring 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.'

"Another is my own precious Bible, the gift of my oldest sister, in 1830. It is a London edition of the Polyglot Bible. It has been my companion in many severe trials of life. It has spoken peace to me when I mourned the departed from the family circle, and cares accumulated on my young hands in my early home, and when, by the will of our heavenly Father, a precious babe was borne away from my own little family; when I myself lay at the brink of the grave, too weak to read, and too feeble to hear its truths uttered, then was my Spirit calm and happy in the belief of them. God be praised! And thou, precious book, still bless, instruct, and guide me.

'When the morning is here, with its dew and its light,
When the star sparkles first in the blue arch of night,
I will turn to these leaves, and learn how to forgive
Each error in those who around me may live;
And pray that when death stills the throb of my heart,
I may smile, looking upward, and sweetly depart.'

"Lastly, I would mention what may indeed be called the book of books, the Bible of Bibles; I mean the large edition called Harper's Pictorial. It was a gift to my husband from his people, — a token of the esteem they cherish for him, for his fidelity as a minister. He will love it as such; and his family will respect and remember to bless the warm hearts and generous hands of those who jointly presented it. The present is itself a silent admonition to him and his, that they forget not to heed this divine director, and see that its inspired teachings be taught at the family altar, in the public sanctuary, in the visits of the pastor among his people, and in his walk before the world."

In accordance with these estimates of the Bible, so simply yet heartily expressed, were her endeavors to impress upon the youthful ones of her household the importance and excellence of its instructions. She had no agreement with the idea, whether entertained by the old or the young, that the Bible is a dull or uninteresting book; and no youthful mind to whom she could have access with its instructions could fail to see and to feel something of the attractiveness of its luminous pages.

Her idea of the religious devotions of home were elevated and refined. No public service was ever more enjoyed by her than the quiet and fervent offering to the Father, through the Holy Son, as the day opened upon the family-band, and the new mercies of Heaven called for new utterances of gratitude, and the new duties of life for petitions for new guidance and strength. The church at home was to her of the first importance. Not until since her departure from us have I seen from any pen so complete an embodiment of her conception of the Christian home as is given in the following passage, by the author of an attractive little work recently issued from the press: —

"We not only need to be shut out from other families, but the members of the same family require means of seclusion from each other. It is not safe or healthy, morally, for a family to live always in common. There must be some place to which each can withdraw, sacred from all intruding steps, as was the Jewish inner sanctuary, — a place to go for the chastising of a perturbed temper; for reflection upon our mistakes, imprudence, or unkindness; for self-study, resolves, and prayers. In the varied

and intimate intercourse of the home, perpetually do we need to pause, to withdraw, to think, and get strength; and one great preventive of a firm inner growth is, that we are obliged to postpone acts and exercises to a convenient season, whose vitality depends upon being embraced at the moment. We need to seize moods of mind, to use hints as they arise, to follow out the suggestings of circumstance or the moment, and we cannot do this unless we have some place in the house which is all our own to which to retire unmolested. The idea of the chapel and oratory might with advantage be borrowed from the Romish Church, and the home receive some decided advantage, not from facts and flagellations and counted beads, but from the sincere humiliation of the soul at such times as come to us all, when it is perturbed by the intercourse of home. The closet ought not to be a fiction of our rhetoric, but a fact of our homes and our experience." *

Devotedness to her children was a ruling principle — not to say passion — with Mrs. Adams. And yet she was discriminating and just in this devotion. Hers was not a weak although it was

* Home Life: What it is, and What it Needs. By John F. W. Ware.

a deep and sanguine affection. She had no flattery for them; nor did she desire that others should have. Just praise she would never withhold; but equally faithful would she be in just reproof or censure, if these seemed needful by her. She would have a family something else than "a mutual admiration society," where faults are overlooked and virtues magnified. The family was to her a school, needing mental discipline, Christian training, sound "doctrine, correction, reproof, and instruction in righteousness." And in her own home she directed her energies in agreement with these convictions. She knew that even with their best and truest efforts, parents may often fail in moulding the hearts and lives of their children after the models which they would keep constantly before them; but she was also aware that, under the divine ordination, this was the exception and not the rule, — that the ancient proverb remained unalterably true, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

"Make home pleasant and attractive." This,

"unuttered or expressed," was another of her practical convictions. She sought to abide by it. Whatever would add to the pleasures and charms of home, she would gladly and earnestly seek and use. Books, conversation, plays, simple juvenile entertainments, birthday observances, — all were called into requisition, that home might be the place of all places in the estimation of its youthful members. How well she succeeded in these efforts, they are well aware who best and longest knew her home. Nor could she be content to limit home-guardianship to her own dear offspring. Her benevolent heart went out after others who were in special need of home-shelter and comfort, and to whose wants it became her joy for a time to minister. They, too, were made welcome, as circumstances permitted, at her home, and will doubtless bear sweet memories of their early enjoyments there, while life lasts. These indulgences of her good-will were illustrations, in part, of her theory that no home is all that it should be, unless there is some child-interest in it, to be looked after and promoted. "So many children

destitute of homes, and so many homes needing, more than anything else, the presence and guardianship of children! No pleasant, well-sustained home ought to be without a child in it, somebody's child, to be cared for and blest." These were her thoughts frequently expressed, and they prompted her to look with special tenderness after the needy little ones.

No one realized more clearly than she did the work of change which is so constantly going on with all earthly homes. Much of this had she experienced in the old paternal mansion, and well aware was she of the change of place so generally pertaining to the profession to which her husband was devoted. Yet this had no tendency to diminish her conceptions of the significance of home life. That, to her, consisted not more in place than in state. It was the well-ordered, loving, Christian home that she would seek and sustain and enjoy. She fully appreciated the good words of the hymn: —

> "Where'er the Lord shall build my house,
> An altar to his name I'll raise."

The heart's consecration made the home, whatever the material construction or surroundings of that home might be. If Christian truth and virtue had consecrated it, and if its inmates had gone out into the world, bearing with them the effects of such consecration, that home, whatever might become of its material structure, would ever be to them a living and abiding inspiration.

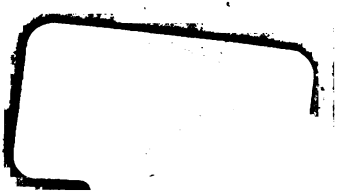
"You may break, you may scatter, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Reader, have you a Christian mother? You cannot too highly honor her. *Had* you one? It would be weakness in me to ask you to love and bless her memory. Have you a Christian home? If so, thank God for it, and seek to bless and honor it. Have you not? If it shall be in your power to add one to the world's good, endeavor, by divine grace, to make this addition. No material wealth you may bequeath to your kindred or your race can equal it.

"This is life eternal," said the holy Jesus in his prayers to the Father, "that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom

thou hast sent." This memoir, as it comes before the reader in these pages, is but a faint representation of the life of which it speaks, — a life which really must ever be unrecorded with mortals. Its chief resources and enjoyments were within. It did not give all of itself to the world, although it gave what it could. She who possessed it had an inward strength of which the few only knew, and which God knew best of all. If ever there were hidden waters of divine recuperation flowing through any soul for its renewal and strength amid the wastings caused by this earthly strife and toiling, there were such in hers, — unfailing springs of life and salvation.

She lives, then, in her holy work and memory with us here; but her greatest life is still in Him whose consecrated and faithful child she would be evermore. To that life let us aspire.

"Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;
The good die not.
God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly,
What he has given;
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in his heaven."

OCT 15 1929